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C. 1667.



Seraphino Giovannini del. e Sculp. in Roma.

BCU - Lausanne



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S H E R L O C K ' S

L E T T E R S.

A

NEW LETTERS

FROM

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN FRENCH

BY THE REV. MARTIN SHERLOCK, A.M.

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl
of BRISTOL,

And now translated into English by the Author.

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore. VIRG.

1C 1667/2

L O N D O N :

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[17]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF BRISTOL,
LORD BISHOP OF DERRY,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

I AM proud of your patronage, be-
cause you grant it only to the
deserving. Your eye is penetrating,
and you saw that my soul was pure.

It is not, my Mæcenæ, because your
Family is one of the most ancient and

A 3 most

most illustrious of Great Britain; nor because you are full of Honours and Riches, a Peer of England, as well as of Ireland, and in possession of twenty thousand pounds a year, that I think you reflect honour upon me: it is because your soul is mild and noble, your understanding great and just, and because you are the Friend of Mankind.

Custom requires Authors to overwhelm their Patrons with compliments. I intreat your Lordship to dispense with my observing this custom: if my book is good, the dedication of it is the greatest compliment I

can pay you ; if the book is bad,
compliments would be useless, for
they would not be read.

I am,

with the most profound respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

MARTIN SHERLOCK.

1990

1. The first step in the process of the development of the new curriculum is the identification of the needs of the community. This is done by the community members themselves, who are consulted about their needs and interests. The results of this consultation are then used to develop the curriculum.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

the "Liberator" and "the Liberator."

[illegible]

100

Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

P R E F A C E.

READERS in general have so little knowledge and taste, that it is almost madness to appear in print. There are, however, some exceptions ; and I hope, Reader, you are one. If you are *not*, I declare frankly to you, you would do me more pleasure to throw my book in the fire than to read it : if you *are*, I ask you no quarter ; — Glory or Death,

P R E-

7

8

1 2 3 4 5

THE
FOLLOWING
TABLE
GIVES
A SUMMARY
OF THE
RESULTS
OBTAINED
IN THE
EXPERIMENTS
CONCERNING
THE
EFFECT
OF THE
VARIABLE
ON THE
DETERMINED
QUANTITY

P R E F A C E

TO THE
ENGLISH READER.

I SOUGHT glory, and I obtained it. My Letters had as much success, on the continent, as any prose work of the same size published within the century, which I attribute principally to the truth and simplicity with which they were written. The Reader has remarked in the original Preface that I did not court Fame with too much modesty; and he has, no doubt, also remarked the reason of it :

it: in an enemy's country in time of war, modesty would have been meanness, and humility want of spirit.

Few men write but for fame or for money: I *translate* these letters for neither. *Why* I translate them is a secret which I shall probably one day communicate to the Public.

- As it is my intention to continue to write, I shall receive all criticisms, public and private, with thankfulness. I request the Reader's indulgence for my style. An absence of several years has almost made me lose my language. Foreign phrases forced themselves on me. But let the Reader treat this my * first attempt in English

* The other volume of my letters was translated by a gentleman whom I have never seen. They were published while I was abroad.

with a little mildness, and I promise him I shall endeavour to improve in my next. I do not know whether I shall ever attain elegance; but I am sure, that all the pages I shall ever write shall be, like these, innocent and chearful.

NEW

[1]

1901

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

2. The second part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

3. The third part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

6. The sixth part of the book is devoted to a

discussion of the principles of the theory of

the functions of the mind.

NEW LETTERS

FROM

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

LETTER I.

ITALY.

IF the Prussians are proud of their *Grand Frederic*, the Italians are not less proud, nor with less reason, of their *Bella Italia*. It's beauty is astonishing; and from Mantua, where Virgil was born, to Sorrento, the country of Tasso, every step has its particular interest; every step has been the country

country of some illustrious artist, the subject of a description of some great poet, or the scene of some famous action, transmitted to posterity by a celebrated historian.

Padua produced Livy; Venice, Titian; and Ferrara, Ariosto. Tuscany boasts of Dante, of Petrarch, and of Michael Angelo; Urbino of Raphael; and Parma of Corregio; Rome gave birth to Tacitus and Lucretius; Arpinum to Cicero; and Venusium to Horace.

The recollection of historical facts does not less awaken the informed traveller. In passing the Rubicon (1),

(1) In speaking of the Rubicon, can one forbear to quote this line of Lucan?

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago.

To Cæsar's eyes

Rome's large, but trembling figure, seem'd to rise.

he remembers, that on its bank Cæsar decided the fate of Rome ; and at the foot of this * statue, says he, he expiated his ambition. In this spot Hannibal saw the masters of the world fly ; and by this rock the victorious Gauls scaled the Capitol. Here Virginius shewed the dagger drawn from the bosom of his daughter to the terrified People, and on this wall Rome saw with tears the head of her † Consul.

This, Sir, is the country of Imagination ; the country of Poets and of Painters. It was here that Ariosto drew his inimitable descriptions ; that Guido was able to conceive and exe-

* The statue of Pompey in the Spada Palace at Rome.

† Cicero.

cute his Aurora; and that Rousseau, transported by *an half-hour of enchantment*, learned to describe the rising of the Sun.

If the landscapes of Claude Lorrain are justly preferred to all others, what is the reason of it? His landscapes are Italian landscapes. But when should I finish, if I began to speak of the pictures of Italy? The most beautiful of the universe is that of Italy itself. Nature formed it in a happy moment, drew it in her grand style, and finished its parts with a perfection that it is impossible to describe. She seems to have made an effort to unite all her beauties in a single work; and, to give to her favourite master-piece all the advantages of which a picture is capable, she has contrasted its parts with a
happiness

happinefs that doubles their effects. Smiling afcents and fertile plains, majestic rivers and delightful lakes, rich hills and richer vallies, are difpofed almoft with art.

But a continual profufion of beauties, though varied, would have fatiated at length. And has not this been forefeen by this great and always wife artist? and has fhe not diftributed fhades, to give a relief to her principal figures, and to give repofe to the Imagination? Here it is a chain of barren mountains, and there a vaft and dreary marfh. Nor are the terrible beauties wanting; a burning volcano, and feveral others extinguifhed; frightful precipices; mountains of rocks * fplit,

* As at Caieta.

B 2

and

and whole * tracts of country shattered by earthquakes. That is the picture ; and this is its frame ; the Mediterranean and the Alps.

Would not one be tempted to think all was the effect of study and calculation ? When the work was finished, one thing still remained to be done ; and that was, to shew it. Anxious for the success of her favourite creation, Nature placed it in the best light, under a brilliant Sun, which animates the colours of the picture, and disposes the spectator to taste its beauties ; and, as if she meant not to neglect the smallest circumstances, has she not shewn this triumph of her hand through the most beautiful me-

* When you are on the mountain behind Baïre, look all round.

dium that was ever seen ? The atmosphere of Italy embellishes all objects by shewing them with * clearness ; and its gulfs, its woods, its cascades, and its meads, have a grace unknown beneath other skies.

* Clearness, in my opinion, is the first grace of Eloquence, of Poetry, and, if I may so express myself, of all the works of Art and Nature.

L E T T E R II.

I T A L Y.

YOU were born, Sir, with a brilliant imagination and lively feelings; and you felt and enjoyed the beauties of Italy. You feel consequently the weakness of my pencil; but the weight of the subject demands indulgence; the Genius of Virgil sunk under it,

*Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.
Hæc loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
Invertère, satis immanis dentibus hydri;
Nec galeis, densisque virûm jeges horruit hastis.
Sed gravidæ fruges, et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere:*

*Implevere : tenent oleæque, armentaque læta.
 Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert :
 Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, & maxima taurus
 Victimæ, sæpè tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
 Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.
 Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas :
 Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.
 At rabidæ tigres absunt & sæva leonum
 Semina ; nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes :
 Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
 Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.
 Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
 Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
 Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
 An mare quod suprâ, memorem, quodque alluit
 infra ?*

*Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime, teque
 Fluctibus & fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino ?
 An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra :
 Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,
 Julia quâ ponto longè sonat unda refuso,
 Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis ?
 Hæc eadem argenti rivos ærisque metalla
 Ostendit venis, atque auræ plurima fluxit.
 Hæc genus acre virum, Marsus, pubemque Sa-
 bellam,*

*Affuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscoque verutos
 Extulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,*

*Scipiadas duros bello ; & te, maxime Cæsar,
 Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
 Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
 Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
 Magna virûm !*

(Georg. Lib. II.)

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
 Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
 Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
 Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields ;
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
 Can with sweet Italy contend in fame. }
 No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame, }
 Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
 Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear,
 But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
 And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
 Adorn our fields ; and on the chearful green,
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
 The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train :
 There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain ;
 Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
 The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
 Perpetual spring our happy climate sees ;
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees ; }
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees.

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
 Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed ;

Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
 Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
 Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
 Their costly labour, and stupendous frame:
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
 See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
 Our two-fold seas, that, washing either side,
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
 Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
 Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex.
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
 Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
 Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the fence;
 There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
 Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
 Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
 Hence rose the Marſian and Sabellian race:
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
 And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
 Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,

The

The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double name ;
 And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms :
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome ;
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
 Hail, sweet Saturnian soil !

DRYDEN,

The copy is beautiful ; and when I
 I say it is not equal to the original,
 every man who has not seen Italy will
 think that I am mistaken ; but every
 man who has seen it knows that I
 speak truth.

I add here the description of Pliny,
 that you may be able to compare the
 Poet and the Naturalist,

Et jam peractis omnibus naturæ operibus, discrimen quoddam rerum ipsarum atque terrarum facere conveniat. Ergo in toto orbe & quacumque cæli convexitas vergit, pulcherrima est omnium, rebusque merito principatum naturæ obtinens, Italia, reſtrix parensque mundi altera, viris, ſæminis,
ducibus,

ducibus, militibus, servitiis, artium præstantiâ, ingeniorum claritatibus, jam situ ac salubritate calî atque temperie, accessu cunectarum gentium facili, littoribus portuosiss, benigno ventorum afflatu (etenim contingit procurrentis positio in partem utilissimam, & inter ortus occasusque mediam) aquarum copîâ, nemorum salubritate, montium articulis, ferorum animalium innocentîâ, soli fertilitate, pabuli ubertate. Quidquid est, quo carere vita non debeat, nusquam est præstantius : fruges, vinum, olea, vellera, lina, vestes, juvenci. Ne equos quidem in trigariis præferri ullos vernaculis animadverto. Metallis auri, argenti, æris, ferri, quamdiu libuit exercere, nullis cessit : & iis nunc in se gravida pro omni dote varios succos & frugum pomorumque sapes fundit. Ab eâ, exceptis Indiæ fabulosiss, proximè quidem duxerim Hispaniam, quacumque ambitur mari.

Addison, in his letter to Lord Halifax, had a mind to enter the lists with Virgil. One sees it in this line,

And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine :

but it was a very unequal * contest.

* *Impar congressus.*

This passage is beautiful :

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of *Britain's* stormy isle;
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice fer-
ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents.
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me some God to *Baia's* gentle seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies!

And this is much more so :

We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:
'Tis Liberty, that crowns *Britannia's* isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile.

One

One cannot surfeit you with fine
verves, and here are some which are
really beautiful :

*Là tous les champs voisins, peuplés de mirtes verds,
N'ont jamais ressenti l'outrage des hivers.
Par-tout on voit meurir, par-tout on voit éclore,
Et les fruits de Pomone, et les présens de Flore ;
Et la terre n'attend, pour donner ses moissons,
Ni les vœux des humains, ni l'ordre des saisons.
L'homme y semble goûter, dans une paix profonde,
Tout ce que la Nature, aux premiers jours du monde,
De sa main bien-faisante accordoit aux humains ;
Un éternel repos, des joirs purs & sereins,
Les douceurs, les plaisirs que promet l'abondance,
Les biens de l'Age d'or, hors la seule innocence.
On entend pour tout bruit des concerts enchanteurs,
Dont la molle harmonie inspire les langueurs,
Les voix de mille amans, les chants de leurs maî-
tresses,
Qui célèbrent leur honte, & vantent leurs faiblesses,
(Henriade, Chant IX.)*

Each circling plain the verdant myrtles crown,
Unknown to winter's desolating frown ;
Pomona here her fruits profusely pours ;
Here Flora sheds her variegated flowers ;

Here,

Here, while spontaneous harvests fill the plains;
 No season changes, and no wretch complains;
 Here peace, unfading, soothes the sons of earth,
 Such peace as reign'd at Nature's earlier birth:
 With hand of soft indulgence she displays
 Celestial quiet and sereneſt days:
 Here every lawn in plenty's robe is dress'd,
 Of every sweet but innocence poſſeſs'd.
 From ſide to ſide the ſtreams of muſic roll,
 Whoſe ſoothing ſoftneſs fascinates the ſoul:
 In plaintive ſonnets burns the fair-one's flame,
 Who boaiſts her weakneſs, and exults in ſhame.

Translated by E. BURNABY GREEN, Eſq.

Theſe lines ſeem made on purpoſe
 to paint the kingdom of Naples. But
 did M. de Voltaire draw them from
 nature? Certainly no: for he never
 ſaw a country which they ſuited. He
 ſtudied books rather than nature;
 and, if I might be permitted to hazard
 a conjecture, I would ſay, that he took
 them from the *Temple of Gnidos*, and
 that Montefquieu drew them from
 the kingdom of Naples.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

I T A L Y.

OF all the countries in the world, Italy is the most adorned by the arts. Of all the countries in the world she has the least need of them. One might with justice address to her this line:

L'Art n'est pas fait pour toi, tu n'en as pas besoin.

Z A I R E.

Art is not made for thee, thou need'st it not.

The superiority of her artists is as indisputable as that of her natural beauties; and the names of Raphaël, Palladio, Michael Angelo, and Pergolese impose silence upon all nations.

“ Run,

“Run, fly to Naples,” says Jean Jaques Rousseau to the young musician, “to listen to the master-pieces of Leo, Durante, Jommelli, and Pergolese.” Run, fly to Italy, painter, poet, sculptor, and architect; men of genius of every class, that is the country which will unfold your talents. The prodigies of art will transport your soul, and fertilise your imagination. The inexhaustibleness of Nature, after having astonished you, will fill you with boldness; you will become a creator after her example; you will dare to contend with all your predecessors, and even with Nature herself. Perhaps you will surpass her as did the author of the Apollo of Belvedere.

It

It is then that you will feel the futility of those vulgar souls, who, by telling you falsehoods, mean to stifle your talents. "There is nothing new," exclaim they incessantly; "every thing has been said, every thing has been repeated." Traverse Europe, finish by the kingdom of Naples, and then answer if you have ever seen scenes equal to those which fill the space between the Elysian fields and the *Cave*. Nature, however, has but four materials, rocks, trees, earth, and water. That is the explication of what I said, you will create after the example of Nature. You will there perceive the number of her new combinations, and you will see how limited *her* means are; *your's* are infinite.

C

I for-

I forgot my subject ; I was going to speak of the arts. The *Transfiguration* is a school of painting. If the art was lost, and this picture remained, it would alone be sufficient to form painters. All the parts of painting are united in it ; the most exact drawing, the most sensible and the most picturesque disposition, a perfect harmony of colouring, and a sublimity in the upper part of the picture, which transports the spectator as much as the groupes below interest him. Raphael was commanded to paint this subject ; and it is in itself rather barren. A God cloathed in splendor, and illuminated by the rays of his glory, presents of itself so sublime an idea, that the artist could not miss it. But it is the *only* idea that the subject offers. The painter

ter was forced to create the rest. It is the property of genius, said Leonardo de Vinci, to draw a grand production from a poor subject, as it is that of mediocrity to form a trifling work upon a rich ground. This sentence and the Transfiguration determine the rank of Raphael.

Sage and sublime this painter joined the highest elevation to the most severe correctness; and in *one* point of view he may be compared to Boileau. He was, like him, the first man of his country who had a lively feeling of the merit of the ancients. Happy feeling for them! It was that which acquired them a solid glory during their lives, and which will ensure them a perpetuity of that glory to the latest posterity. They both composed

C 2

upon

upon the same principles, and one sees written, if I may so say, upon every picture of Raphael,

Rien, n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable.

The true alone is beautiful;

The true alone is lovely.

Need I mention the elegant symmetry of the Attic Palladio, or the Gothic* boldness of Michael Angelo? Let the church of the Redeemer† and the cupola of St. Peter's speak for me.

I am not fond of speaking of the sculptors of Italy. They never made any great impressions on me. Al-

* The Goths had infinite boldness (witness their buildings, particularly the Cathedral of Florence); but it was their only merit.

† At Venice.

though

though decidedly superior to all other modern artists, they are so many degrees below the Greeks, that I never looked at their works but with coldness. But if this country is weak * in artists of this class, the Vatican alone, the Capitol alone, or the Tribune alone, contains more works of sculpture made by the Greeks, and superior to all praise, than is to be found in the rest of Europe.

* Compared with Greece.

L E T T E R IV.

I T A L Y.

FEW nations in Europe have retained their original characters. They have almost all adopted the French fashions and customs ; it is a uniform that they all wear ; some awkwardly enough ; others with more grace.

The very small towns in Germany have the same simplicity they had in the time of Tacitus ; but in the larger cities every thing is *à la Françoisse*. It is so much the better for the manners and the table ; and so much the worse for the morals.

It

It were to be wished that the Italians, who have nothing to lose in point of morals, would imitate the French in every thing. In the North of Italy they are much Frenchified ; but the inhabitants of the South are, dissimulation excepted, such as nature formed them. The Romans have changed little as to the fundamental part of their character * since Salust. And as for the Neapolitans, they are pure (or rather indeed very *impure*) nature.

* *Ignavissimi homines . . . aliud clausum in pectore, aliud promptum in linguâ habere ; amicitias, inimicitias, non ex re sed ex commodo æstimare ; magisque vultum quam ingenium bonum habere . . . viri pati muliebria ; mulieres pudicitiam in propatulo habere.*

There is a picture painted two thousand years ago, and its colours are still fresh.

The Roman and Neapolitan are totally opposite; the one is close and mysterious; the other frank and open. The Neapolitan cannot bear the Roman; but the Roman does not hate the Neapolitan. They ridicule each other as much as they can. The character to excite laughter in the Neapolitan Pieces is the Roman Abbé; as in the Pieces made at Rome it is the Punchinello* of Naples. They are both very jealous of the superiority of their cities which have nothing in common. Rome is *sombrous* and majestic; Naples is cheerful and gay. Rome is the capital of the universe for the arts; Naples for situation.

* At Rome they call all the Neapolitans Punchinellos.

I con-

I confess, I have been often tempted to think that the Roman was born a dissembler. Certain it is, he has great ease in the practice of dissembling, and that he succeeds in it to admiration. Cataline, says Salust *, feigned and dissembled all that he chose. The nation, says Juvenal, affected morals, and lived in continual debauches †. But Cataline was a single villain; and Juvenal only speaks of the profligates of the age. Romulus pretended to see twelve vultures to deceive his brother. The good Numa pretended to have a correspondence with the Nymph Egeria. The first

* Cujuslibet rei simulator ac dissimulator.

† Qui Curios simulant, et Bacchanalia vivunt.

Brutus

Brutus counterfeited madness; and the second Brutus dissembled so well, that Cæsar saw nothing but smiles upon his face, until he felt his dagger in his heart.



LET

L E T T E R V.

I T A L Y.

THERE are honest people every where, says the Norman : true ; but it must be allowed it is less easy to find them in Italy than any where else. The nation is exceedingly poor, and that * cotinfellor of evil, Hunger, makes them commit many rogueries. It is not, however, as is generally believed, a country of robbers and affasfins. My countrymen travel there almost continually, and for thirty years past there has been but one accident which happened to them, or to any of their people ; and even that ought

* *Malesuada famas.*

not

not to be mentioned as an exception. As the courier of an English duke was passing a river, he struck one of the boat-men with his whip, and the boat-man shot him.

The country in general, especially Naples, swarms with pick-pockets. The best advice I can give you is that which a Roman gave me. Shut your doors well, and if you lose any thing, do not look for it. He had lost a diamond ring worth fifty guineas, and he lost twenty more in endeavouring to find it.

LET-

L E T T E R VI.

I T A L Y.

MEDIOCRITY is rare here; every thing is in extremes. No where is so fine music to be heard; no where (except at the opera of Paris) are the ears so cruelly tortured: the eyes are charmed and tormented alternately by the most superb and most detestable pictures and statues. No citizens*; an excessive luxury amongst individuals†; and the people in the most abject misery. It is the same in regard to religion; you will see nothing but a blind superstition or determined

* Particularly at Rome.

† Illis divitias superare, nobis rem familiarem etiam ad necessaria deesse; illos binas aut amplius

mined atheists. But of all the extremes the most striking are those which are observed in the character of the nation. The Italian, in general, is exceedingly good, or wicked to a degree. There are excellent hearts in this country; but, like the great pictures, they are scarce. Men are born there with strong passions, and, not receiving any education, it is not astonishing that they often commit great crimes. Under a cold exterior

plius domos continuare (the Prince Borghese has a most magnificent Palace at Rome, a villa, whose riches are inconceivable within a quarter of an hour of the city, and three other villas at Fiescati); nobis larem familiarem nusquam ullum esse. Cum tabulas, signa, toreumata emunt, nova diruunt, alia ædificant (this is precisely what this Prince is doing the moment I write); postremo omnibus modis pecuniam trahunt, vexant, tamen summâ libidine divitias suas vincere nequeunt.

they

they conceal burning hearts; and their exterior is cold only to conceal their hearts. Love, Jealousy, and Revenge, are their ruling passions; as they think only of the sensual part of love, and know well the constitutions of their women, and the wiles of their rivals, their Jealousy is always awake, and their Revenge is implacable.

As to understanding, it is nearly the same; men of talents form the large class; there are few fools; and * middling men are very rare. “Why then, you will ask, do these men produce nothing excellent?” Because they have ungoverned imaginations,

* It is the reverse in the North of Europe: men of middling parts make the large class; men of abilities are scarce.

and

and no philosophy ; and because good taste has not yet penetrated into their country. And why has not good taste entered Italy ? Because Italy has neither a London nor a Paris ; and because she never had a * Lewis the fourteenth.

Travellers are often mistaken in judging the Italian, especially the Neapolitan. They think he has no sense, because he wants † ideas. A man can have but few ideas when he has never been out of his own coun-

* I know you will quote Julius II. and Leo X. Examine a little, and you will find some shades between them and Lewis the fourteenth.

† Men, said a traveller to me at Naples, assemble in some countries to talk, and that is called *Company*. Sheep gather together to look at each other, and that is called a *Flock*. You saw Companies in France ; you will see Flocks here.

try,

try, and when he has read nothing ; but examine the Neapolitan on all the subjects with which he is acquainted, and you will see whether he wants natural capacity. He resembles the soil of his country : a field well tilled in Naples produces the most plentiful crops ; neglected, it yields but briars and thistles. It is the same with the genius of the inhabitants ; cultivated, it is capable of every thing ; untilled, it produces only folly and vice.

D

LET-

L E T T E R VII.

I T A L Y.

THE Italian women are not handsome in general ; but when they make a conquest they know how to keep it. More perfect than the men in the refinements of dissimulation, they have an apparent frankness in their manner, which deceives even the Italians. Add to this the enchantment of their voices — I am persuaded that the most dangerous of all women is a woman of wit who knows how to sing.

I cannot say that these ladies are remarkable for the steadiness of their
attach-

attachments either to their husbands or their lovers. But then they say it is not their fault; but the men's. Pray, Madam, said I to one, how can the Ladies of this country permit themselves so many lovers? Why, says she, 'what would you have us do? Women were born to love, and we take a husband. This husband grows sick of us in a short time, neglects us, and attaches himself to another woman. I am sure I never thought of a lover till I was convinced that I had been wronged. No indeed, Sir, I never was guilty of an *Infidelity of Imagination* towards my husband till I was certain of his baseness. Allow then a little for the frailty of our natures, an inattentive husband, an assiduous lover, a warm climate, an

inexperienced head, and a tender heart. Is it easy for us to resist? But see these men. — This lover quits us --- We feel a horrid void; it must be filled; we take another lover — and another — and another, for they all forsake us; so that you see it is not we that are to blame, but the men; for there is not one of them knows what it is to be constant;

*E la fede degli' amanti
Come l'Araba fenice;
Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa.*

The constancy of lovers is like the Phoenix of Arabia; every body says there is one; nobody knows where it is.

Four verses of Metastasio make a proof for an Italian lady upon any subject whatever; for they enter into her

her soul by a part where her feelings
are exquisite ; I mean by her ear.
Add then the charm of Poetry to the
profound Logic I have mentioned,
and say whether you can blame these
poor innocents for an inviolable at-
tachment to their principles, which
are happily comprised in these three
lines ;

Molti averne,
Un goderne,
E cangiar spesso.

To have many, (*lovers*)
To enjoy one,
And to change often.

P. S. This is little to what other
travellers will tell you. I often heard
that the women of Naples made very
lively attacks upon strangers ; and I
remember that a young French-man

D 3

told

told me, on my arrival there, that the women here ask you to come to make love to them, as they ask you at Paris to dinner; but you may excuse yourself by saying you are engaged,



LET-

L E T T E R VIII.

I T A L Y.

THE *Chevalier Servant* belongs exclusively to Italy, as the *Petit-Maitre* does to France. The Italians formerly were full of sentiment; and in the days of Chivalry they carried their notions of Love and Friendship to a height of which at present nobody has an idea. When a man of noble birth married a woman, feeling the impossibility to amuse her continually, he entrusted her to his dearest friend, who served at once to protect her against foreign attacks, and to relieve the husband of the half of his

attentions. His duty was to take care of the lady *by day*, and to amuse her *morally* by all the means in his power.

But the best institutions have been abused; and what does not time corrupt? The morals of the country have degenerated; the Platonic fire, which Petrarch had re-kindled, is now extinguished, and the state of the *Chevalier Servant* is become the most corrupt of any under Heaven: his duties are entirely changed, and his situation is become the most disgraceful that I know, for before he can enjoy the privileges of Love, the wretch is obliged to sacrifice Friendship.

The husband still chuses the *Chevalier Servant*. Custom has established the practice; there is no reasoning about it; it is a ridicule for the
husband,

husband, and a dishonour to the lady, if she has not a *Cigisbée*. Besides, the husband finds his interest in it; for thus he reasons: “ By giving a *Cigisbée* “ to my wife, I know well I give her a “ lover; but I am in the fashion; “ custom has decreed it; and I am “ neither more ridiculous nor more “ unhappy by the infidelity of my “ wife than the rest of my country- “ men. If I do not give her one, “ what is the consequence? I pass for “ a * jealous man, and my wife, in- “ stead of one lover, takes six; *the lot* “ *of every Italian husband is to suffer* “ *and to dissemble*; and one must learn “ to submit to one’s fate.” His rea-

* Strange it is, that an Italian fears no ridicule so much as that of being thought jealous; and it is the universal character of the nation.

soning

soning is just, and his decision sensible. Of two evils he chuses the least.

Why then, you will ask, does he marry at all? It is by the same reasoning. I do not know what ancient has said; "People attend; women are
 "an evil; but yet, Citizens, we cannot live in our houses without this
 "evil; for to be married and not to
 "be married is equally an evil." The circumstances of fortune and connections, added to this calculation, determine all the Italians to marry.

Among these husbands there are some who think themselves cunning by giving their wives two *Chevaliers*. They imagine that one will prevent the other. Alas! they are only doubly duped,

The

The *Cigibée* is authorized by the husband to visit his wife whenever he chuses. He assists at her toilet, attends her in her airings, to the play-house, is of her party at cards, &c. &c. It would be indecent to ask a lady to dinner or supper without inviting her knight: it would be a want of good-breeding to ask the husband. Besides, he has his own service to attend; and he acts with the wife of another friend the same part that his friend acts with his. All this makes an *imbroglio* of Love and Friendship, which would be *comic* if it was not *shocking*.

You see then that opportunities are not wanting. There is, however, a particular moment in which one may say, that Cupid triumphs ofteneſt over Hymen; it is at the beginning of the
 2 night.

night. The Italians reckon their hours in a singular manner. They call the beginning of night the twenty-fourth hour, or the *Ave Maria*; an hour after it is one hour of night, and they continue to reckon two, three, &c. till twenty-four again. Throughout the year, at the twenty-third hour (an hour before night) the Chevalier and his Lady go out in their carriage: they stay together two hours, for the *Conversations* do not begin till one hour of night. The first of these two hours it is still day-light; they see, are seen, and make their * bows. The second hour it is dark; the Lady and Gentleman know not how to employ themselves, and slander says — .

* Essential *etiquette* at Rome, and indispensable at Naples,

There

There is a circumstance which will surprize you sometimes at Rome. When you address a woman in a circle, her *Chevalier Servant* will be the first to admire your wit, to find you charming, and to do all in his power to make you agreeable to the lady. You will think in the beginning that this is disssembled. O you are too severe! These people have moments of sincerity as well as others, and at that instant they are sincere. It is a young prelate who pays his court, not from love, but from interest. His heart is fixed upon another object; and he is too happy when he can find a stranger to share the weight of his fatigues.

You will often see women with three or four slaves in their train. They give an arm to one; another
arm

arm to a second ; a fan, a cloak, something to carry to content the others. Be assured, that the most respectful is the happy man ; or, in the language of the country, *the good one* (il buono), for to be exceedingly respectful and very discreet are two of the three talents that an Italian lady requires in a lover.

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

I T A L Y.

I*TALIAM!* *Italiam!* I never knew
 a being who saw it without being
 enchanted; nor who could speak of
 it without enthusiasm. Like Shake-
 spear, it is inexhaustible in riches; and,
 like him, it has beauties to captivate
 the whole human race. The lover
 of natural history, of antiquity, of
 politicks, may find there perpetual
 enjoyments in the examination of the
 different governments, of the precious
 monuments * of antiquity, and of

* Delle reliquie del superbo impero.

the

the prodigious variety of natural productions. If a hundred men of parts travelled through Italy, if every one of them observed from himself, and if every one of them wrote a book upon the subject, they might make a hundred excellent books, of which no two would be alike; and the subject would be still new. A hundred others who should follow them might say an infinity of true and interesting things which never had been said before.

A great enjoyment for a man who loves letters is to have, in all his walks, his Horace in one pocket, and his Virgil in the other, and to look at a thousand objects which have been painted by these masters. This, I confess, was one of my great pleasures; and though few men have as much indulgence

gence as I have for the diversity of tastes among mankind; yet I cannot help saying I pity the traveller who is insensible to this pleasure. A great writer never throws out a word at random; all his expressions are precious, and there are a thousand passages in Virgil and Horace, which can scarcely be understood, but which it is impossible to feel without having seen Italy. *Præceptum Anio*—to feel *præceptum*, you must go to Tivoli. I could quote numberless examples, but I shall only mention one or two :

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amœnis :

It is impossible to feel *præluet* but at Baiæ.

Et molles imitabitur ære capillos ; ,
says Horace ; and the reader thinks he understands him ; I defy him till

E

he

he has seen the Bronzes at Portici;
and let him answer me when he re-
turns from Naples.

There is a softness in these hairs
which cannot be conceived without
feeling them. Virgil did not taste
these works less feelingly than Ho-
race ;

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra :

Spirantia and *mollius*—You must go
to Portici—the Mercury sitting
on the rock, the Drunken Faun, the
Busts of Plato, of Seneca, and parti-
cularly Scipio's, are beyond imagina-
tion.

Et vivos ducent de marmore vultus ;

can only be felt at the Vatican.
Marble and Bronze are cold and dead
in

in all other works that I have seen ;
they breathe only coming out of the
hands of the * Greeks.

Another point of view then in
which Italy appeared to me to be pec-
uliarly interesting is, that it gives the
traveller an idea of the Greek nation.
I do not seek to give you polish'd periods,
nor to make a parade of a pompous and
barren eloquence. I wish only to
give you with simplicity some ideas ;
and I shall now shew you naturally
the impressions that the Greeks made
on me, and the manner in which those
impressions were produced.

* You remember the word of the celebrated
Painter, who after having looked at the horse of
Marcus Aurelius, at the Capitol, a long time, in
silence, cried out to him, " Walk."

The first time I went round the Capitol, the Vatican, and the *Villa Borgheſe*, I did not permit the man who attended me to ſay a word; and I did not ask him a ſingle queſtion. My intention was to examine every thing with impartiality, and not to be duped by the praiſes of my guide, nor to let myſelf be impoſed on by celebrated names. At the ſame time I meant to make a trial of my taſte for the Beautiful, and to ſee if I was able to diſcover what was moſt perfect, and to give to each object its juſt proportion of praiſe. I often exclaimed to myſelf, “Great! Beautiful! Sublime! What aſtoniſhing men theſe “Italians!” I continued to viſit in this manner for ſome time, and my admiration of the Italians increaſed every

every day. At last, when I had well examined the works, I had a mind to know the authors, and to see if Fame and I agreed upon the merit of their performances. I asked my guide then, by whom is that statue? Sir, by a Greek sculptor.—That one? By a Greek sculptor.—That one? They were all by Grecian artists. Then, says I, I was mistaken; and I must say the Greeks are astonishing, and not the Italians. From that moment to this, this idea gains ground with me every day; I consider the Greek nation not only as the best source of a perfect taste in all the arts, but as the only one. All the artists who have had the most perfect taste formed themselves upon them; and it is not sufficient to form one's self upon their

scholars, we must go to the masters: and I do not hesitate to affirm, that the universal decline of taste in the arts arises chiefly from neglecting to study the Greeks. I am so fully persuaded of this truth, that now having the intention to write a * considerable work in English, I am determined, at my return to my country, to recommence the study of the Greek authors, and to take them alone for models.

The more one examines the Greeks, the more one is astonished. They united the fire of the Italians to the patience of the Dutch, and we find amongst them alone the most sublime

* ... Aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta
quiete est.

works

works finished with an attention that genius too often neglects. It is in consequence of this union of genius, taste, and patience, that the Greeks have that acknowledged superiority they possess over all nations, and that by universal consent a work is more perfect in proportion as it approaches more nearly to their manner. For what reason is the voice of Europe unanimous in favour of Raphael? Because Raphael formed himself on the Greeks. Why is Palladio the prince of architects? Because Palladio formed himself on the Greeks. Why are Michael Angelo, Fiammingo, Algardi, the most celebrated sculptors? Only for the same reason; they all formed themselves on the Greek models.

Examine this idea also in letters. Who are the most perfect authors in France? Racine, Boileau. In Italy? Taffo and Metastasio. In England? Addison and Pope, who all followed the footsteps of the Greeks; and if you take the trouble to examine the writers of the age of Augustus, you will see, that its greatest ornaments all imitated the Greeks. Virgil borrowed from them the ground-work of his Georgics, his Eclogues, and his *Æneid*. Cicero formed himself on the Greek orators, and on Homer. Is it necessary for me to say, that Terence formed himself on Menander, Livy on Herodotus, and Sallust on Thucydides? Why has Horace more sublimity than all other Lyric poets? Because he formed himself on Pindar. Why has he

he more grace than they? Because he studied Anacreon and Alcæus. Why does he abound with good sense, wit, and morality? Why is he an arbiter of taste from whose decision there is no appeal? Because he lived with the Athenians, and Athens was the center of good taste, good sense, of philosophy, and the arts. *Græcia capta victorem cepit*; a man was not considered as well educated in the age of Augustus, unless he had passed a certain time at Athens; and you know that Cicero and a great part of the Roman nobility sent their sons there to be educated. You will see, that in all countries good taste entered with the study of the Greeks; and Horace says,

Serius enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
to

to explain why bad taste had remained so long amongst the ancient Italians.

Horace and Virgil were the most perfect poets of their time, as Mæcenæ was the *amateur* who had most taste. I see then that these three men formed themselves on the Greeks. As to the poets, it is well known; and Horace says it of Mæcenæ,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.

I see after that all nations began to have taste, when they began to cultivate the Greeks, and that they attained different degrees of perfection in proportion to the constancy with which they followed these models. I see that all this is equally true for individuals, and I hesitate no longer
to

to conclude that the Greeks are the sole models of a pure and perfect taste in all the arts*.

If you are curious to enquire into the cause of this superiority of the Greeks over all other nations, you will find it easily in a concurrence of happy circumstances. Their government conduced to it; liberty reigned there; their country was full of great characters, and their history of great events; their religion† contributed to it; it was all poetical and favourable in the highest degree to painting,

* Considering all the arts collectively, I should give the first place to Greece, the second to Italy, the third to France, and the fourth to England.

† There is nothing so gay as the Greek Mythology. I know a nation for which it seems made on purpose.

sculpture,

sculpture, &c. &c. Every one knows how much all the arts were encouraged, and the climate was not less favourable to them than the Mæcenases. Nature there was beautiful; and the organisation of the natives was uncommonly good*. But it is not necessary to look for the causes of the superiority of these men, either in their religion, or in their government, in the food which they lived on, or in the air that they breathed: Horace studied the nation on the spot (the only possible way to know a nation to the bottom); and he seems to me to

* And is so still: these men have at this day a superiority in the way they employ themselves, in commerce: their address even is proverbial; for it is commonly said, "He is as acute as a Greek."

have

have explained it in two words :

Gralis ingenium . . .

. præter laudem nullius avaris.

The union of these two principles is sufficient to produce the greatest effects. In a country far different from Greece, genius joined to a thirst of glory produced a Julius Cæsar; and in another country, opposite in every thing to Athens and to Rome, the same combination formed a Frederick.

• L E T.

LETTERS X, XI, XII, and XIII,
*contain advice to a young French
 poet. They would be useless in Eng-
 land. I shall only translate the con-
 clusion of one of them.*

... Consumed by the devouring fire of
 genius, and panting for fame, you
 feel it impossible not to write; and
 every instant appears to you an age,
 until

... et te quoque possis
 Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per
 ora.

I admire the noble passion that in-
 flames you; and it is because I inte-
 rest myself in that glory which you
 idolize, that I presume to give you
 some advice.

When you compose, dare to forget the age you live in. Never have for judges but Horace, Boileau, and Longinus; and if your imagination has need of assistance, place their busts before your desk. Ask their opinions upon each passage that you write, and upon each period that you compose, and they will never deceive you. But, above all, think of the future: life is short and uncertain. Perhaps the day after the impression of your first work, you may enter the grave. Death is sure: but if your book is good, it will live for ever. Think then only of the future, and avoid those common men who tell you the contrary. This idea will sublime your thoughts, and teach you to estimate every thing according to its real value ;

lue; you will then subdue your age; you will receive from it the incense which you desire; you will command the admiration of those who run the same course with you; you will force them to stifle the jealousy which consumes them; and you will fly from age to age with Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, and Corneille, to a glorious and certain immortality.

To give to this immortality a double splendour, and that it may do honour to your soul, as well as to your genius, whatever be the kind of writing you adopt, sustain with vigour the cause of morality. And be persuaded, that although some books may enjoy the fanaticism of a moment, the work alone, of which sound morality is the basis, will have a reputation that will increase

increase from century to century ; while that of a work formed on false principles will diminish from day to day. What a sublime genius was that of Jean. Jaques ! How astonishing a wit was Voltaire ! But will the immortality of the author of the *New Heloise* be ever worth that of the author of *Clarissa* ? And where is the man, who, were he to die to-morrow, and had the choice given him, would not rather present himself before posterity with *Telemachus* alone in his hand, than with the forty volumes of Monsieur de Voltaire ?

L E T T E R X I V .

I T A L Y .

To the Right Honourable the Earl of
B R I S T O L , &c. &c. &c.

Why bound our tastes ?

The man of sense should reunite them all.

Philosopher of Sans-souci.

I Never in my life saw any one but
your Lordship to whom this last
verse could be addressed with propri-
ety. The number of men who have
taste in the world is incredibly small.
It is inconceivable how few tastes even
those have who pass for having most.
Mr. Such-a-one, it is said, has a perfect
taste in poetry : converse with him a
quarter

quarter of an hour, you will find that he understands tragedies and fugitive poems. Talk to him of Epic or Lyric poetry, he is an utter stranger to both. This man notwithstanding shall be a poet; and shall make very fine as well as very pretty verses. Another shall be a perfect judge of eloquence, and not understand any species of poetry.

It is the same with painters. Nobody understands historical pictures less than a landscape-painter; nor landscapes less than a painter of portraits: and in general I have remarked that artists are the men whose taste is most limited and least to be depended upon: attached solely to a particular kind, they value only that; and esteeming in that kind only their own

works, they judge all their competitors with harshness and envy.

The people whom I found to have the most taste were men of the world, well born and well bred, who had lively feelings, sound judgments, and a desire to acquire knowledge. In this class, my Lord, you appear to me to hold the first rank. I have heard you talk on poetry, painting, sculpture, politicks, eloquence, and natural history, with a knowledge and delicacy which announced the artist; but with a nobleness and an impartiality which proved that you were not one.

Let no mean soul imagine I flatter you. Your talents are known; and if there is a word, which I have said, that is not literally true, the world, as well as yourself, will see the falsehood; instead

instead of compliments those are sarcasms against you, and it is not my intention to be your satirist.

Mæcenæ was master of two languages : you are of five. It is then to you, and to those who, like you, know how to value the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime, that I dare praise a nation, which seems to have fallen into disrepute in this age, although she reckons amongst her admirers a Horace and a Virgil, a Racine, a Boileau, and a Fenelon.

Heaven keep me from copying the ridiculous blasphemies begotten by Ignorance upon Folly, with which we are overwhelmed every instant ! Homer, they tell us, has nothing in his favour but his antiquity ; and the reading the Iliad fatigues one to death.

Ask these critics a single question, they prove by their first answer, that it is impossible for them to judge him; for they all * allow they do not understand his language. To judge the Iliad on a Translation, or the Apollo on a print—Speak for them all you who have meditated entire days in the *Cortile de Belvedere*, and who, like Horace, have more than once † read Homer in the language in which he wrote,

But who are those who condemn Homer? Men who do not transport

* It is very rare to meet a man in France that understands Greek; when a Frenchman pushed me hard in an argument, I always knocked him down with,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,

† Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,

Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prænestæ relegi.

themselves

themselves either into his age or his country, and who know nothing about his religion. Men petrified* by understanding, but who have neither imagination nor feeling; and who are ignorant that this poet was sung by heart by all the different classes of a nation who had the most acute understandings, the most polished imaginations, and the most exquisite sensibility of any people that ever existed.

Homer is the prince† of poets and of poetry. His Iliad is a diamond which has a thousand sides, and all of

* This word expresses my meaning well; men grown hardened and cold by the force of reason.

† Mark, Reader, I only said *Prince*; I kept *King* (in petto) for Shakespear.

them equally brilliant and solid. It is an inexhaustible mine of riches; and Virgil and Tasso are but successful plunderers. In it are found the sources of every species of beauty and of grace. In it are to be found the majestic, the terrible, the pathetic, and the sublime. Homer is the sun; Virgil shines with a mild, (I had almost said) pale light, which he borrows from him. Homer is a model of eloquence; every one knows how much Cicero studied him. Homer has created painters and sculptors; and one of the finest ornaments of the Vatican, the Jupiter of Phidias, is of his invention. But why speak the praises of Homer? Horace has praised him; Boileau has praised him: the
Æneid,

Æneid, and the Jerusalem Delivered, praise him from beginning to end*.

Those critics condemn him because they say he wants sense and reason; and he appears to them to want reason and sense, because they do not know that the Greek Allegories (which they call chimæras and marvellous) were all founded upon reason and truth; and that they contained the finest morality, which made Horace say, that Homer taught† philosophy better than many others who were philosophers by profession.

If the admiration of Virgil for this Father of Poetry, proved by a conti-

* These ideas are rather old in London: they were very new last winter at Paris.

† Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,

Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit,

nual

nual imitation, makes no effect on them; if the judgment of Horace makes none;

Non si *priores* Mæonius tenet
Sedes *Homerus*;

if they despise the suffrage of Dante;

Quegli è Omero Poeta *souvrano*
. . . . Signor dell' altissimo canto,
Che sovra gli altri, come Aquila, vola :

If they are insensible to the enthusiasm of Longinus for him;

“Those only who have sublime and solid thoughts can make elevated discourses; and in this part Homer chiefly excels, whose thoughts are all sublime, as may be seen in the Description of the Goddess Discord, who has, says he, her head in the skies and her feet upon earth; for it may be said, that that grandeur which he gives her, is less the measure of Discord, than of the capacity and elevation of Homer's genius.”
... “To Homer, that is, to him who had already received the applauses of the whole world.”

And in another place, speaking of the number of men who were imitators of Homer, he says,

“ Plato, however, is he who has imitated him most ; for he has drawn from this poet, as from a living spring, from which he has turned an infinite number of rivulets,”

Treatise on the Sublime.

If the authority of Boileau is also without foundation ;

On diroit que pour plaire instruit par la nature,
Homere ait à Venus dérobé sa ceinture ;
Son livre est d'agrémens un fertile trésor,
Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en or.

If, I say, the testimonies of philosophers, of poets, and of critics, such as Plato, Pope, Boileau, Horace, Longinus, Dante, and Virgil, do not persuade them, we have only to weep with Heraclitus for the weakness of mankind,

mankind, or laugh with the philosopher of Abdera at their foolish and ridiculous pride.

I expect nothing less than to make profelytes; but, persuaded that the Greeks are the only pure source to form youth, I would wish to silence those ignorant detractors, who are capable of imposing upon young and docile minds, and consequently of hurting essentially the progress of the arts.

The Italians have nothing which belongs properly to them, except music, and colouring in painting. For all the other parts of this art, composition, drawing, the art of grouping, attitudes, mouvement, expression, contraste, drapery, character, and grace*;

* There is not a word to be taken away.

Raphael took them all from the ancient statues and bas-reliefs.

Let not young people imagine I wish to mislead them, or that I offer them here only declamation. I entreat them to consult men of sense, who have seen the Greek works, and who have read their authors in their own language; and then if any man can produce a tragedy superior to the Oedipus of Sophocles; a poem of any kind equal to the Iliad; an orator like Demosthenes*; a divinity in marble as good as the Belvedere Apol-

* In the judgment even of a Roman, the Greeks were the greatest orators; "*Sed mihi multa legenti, multa audienti constabat, facundiâ Græcos, gloriâ belli Gallos ante Romanos fuisse.*"

Sallust, Bell. Cat.

Virgil was of the same opinion:

Orabunt causas melius.

lo;

le; the sublime in sculpture attained as it is in the Laocoon; expressions as true and animated as those of the fighting and dying Gladiators; such fine and light drapery * as that of the Flora; an elegance and a symmetry equal to that of the Antinous; or a female beauty as perfect as the Venus of Medici; if, I say, any man can shew me one of these works *equalled*, I sacrifice the Greeks, and I recommend in their place the Goths and the Dutch.

If there be any justness in these ideas, my Lord, I owe it to you; and

* Qui ne s'y colle point, mais en suive la
grace,

Et sans la ferrer trop, la careffe & l'embrasse.
Moliere, Gloire du dôme du Val-de-Grace.

I am

I am proud to acknowledge that such
 a *subtilis veterum judex*, and such an
elegans formarum aestimator, thought
 me worthy to be enlightened by
 him.



LET-

L E T T E R X V .

I T A L Y .

THE *Lago maggiore* at the foot of the Alps, in the Milanese, has two islands which are called the *Ifola bella* and the *Ifola madre*: the first is small and pretty; the other large and irregular. Situated in the middle of a little sea, and surrounded by very high mountains, they have nearly the same advantages of views from without. As to the interior, it is different. The *Ifola bella*, which belongs to the Prince Borromée, has a magnificent palace with four fronts, each of which commands different prospects,

prospects, but all interesting and all beautiful. A bold terrace at the end of the garden, which commands the lake, and which is filled with orange-trees, shrubs, and statues, is one of the chief ornaments of this delightful island. But what pleased me the most were the grottoes, which are paved with Mosaic, and which hang over the lake. They are an abode (a poet would say) worthy of Neptune, when, fatigued with the tumult of the sea, he seeks a peaceful and cool asylum from the heats of a scorching summer. The lake is filled with young peasants of both sexes, who catch fish. These grottoes offer them a soft retreat after their labours, and invite them to come to solace their

G hearts,

hearts, and intermingle their sighs in those secret and mysterious labyrinths:

The *Isola madre* is more rural. As I was walking in one of its woods, Italian sounds struck my ear. I approached, and through a hedge I saw a group of young girls singing in chorus as they were working in a meadow. I never heard a sweeter concert. A real joy animated their song; it was their hearts that sung, and mine beat in unison. O pure and simple pleasures of Nature, how you annihilate the imitations of art! How faint and insipid are all her efforts compared with you! Do I hear, cried I, the voice of enchantresses? and do the nymphs of Armida really exist? But let us lose the ideas of Armida and of enchantment; and let

us

us rather exclaim with the simple, the true Virgil ;

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolas !
(O happy if they knew their happy state
The swains !)

And here let us not mistake ; let us not imagine that Virgil meant to speak of peasants in general ; he speaks only of the peasants of Italy ; and this sense at that instant engraved itself on my mind. Let us pass the limits of this happy climate, the difference is felt the instant you pass the Alps. But let us extend our views a little farther, and contemplate the labourers of the regions of the North.

Infortunatos nimium sua si mala norint
(Too wretched if they knew their wretched state)

These miserable countrymen ! Thick fogs, dark funs, and an ungrateful foil, are their horrid portion. Ignorant of all the enjoyments of more fortunate countries, they scarcely vegetate, and have nothing to solace their unhappy lot but the sad consolation of a perfect insensibility.

Do you blame me, my dear friend, for too often quitting my subject ? I write without art, and present you a mixture of emotions and ideas in the same disorder in which they offered themselves to me. To return then to the islands : they are both extremely beautiful ; but one is dressed, and the other is wild. They fet each other off mutually, and conspire together to adorn this superb bason. I think a Frenchman would
 4 prefer

prefer the *pretty island*; an Englishman, I believe, would be better pleased with the rural one *.

* Reader, which do you prefer, the garden of the Luxembourg, or that of the Tuilleries ?



L E T T E R XVI.

G E N E V A.

THEY told me here that all the girls were chaste; and I believed them, for I am naturally a very credulous man. Here are some reasons which might tempt a traveller less simple than myself to suspect the contrary. There is no play-house, nor any public amusement in the city of Geneva; and reading is the only resource against *ennui*. In consequence of this, a number of booksellers hire books by the month at a very low price. The first acquaintance I generally make in a town is that of a bookseller;

bookfeller; and during half an hour that I was talking with one the day after my arrival here, in came three girls, one after another, to hire the *New Heloise*. Pray, said I to the bookfeller, what is the general reading of this country? Young people, says he, like books with fine sentiments; women a little mature prefer those which are light and brilliant. He appeared to me to have unfolded his nation by this trait; the girls all enamoured of Rousseau; the women all admirers of Voltaire. Yes, thought I, the thing is clear; they begin by imitating Eloisa; and when their St. Preux forsake them, or the devil begins to frighten them, they read Voltaire to give them courage and spirits. Well, Sir, not at all; I guessed like a

fool. The girls are all virtuous ; there never was one suspected ; and what makes this miracle still more astonishing is, they have leave to go out by themselves in the morning, and they avail themselves of it every day.

The Genevese thinks that he is somewhat like the ancient Roman ; as a Petty Prince in Germany thinks that he resembles Lewis the Fourteenth.

The tradesman of this country is of all men he who imposed upon me the most ; and he cheats with an insolence equal to his baseness.

I saw few people of the first class ; but those I did see appeared to me amiable, sensible, and well informed. The men in general wish to pass for wits, the women for free-thinkers.

L E T T E R XVII.

L A U S A N N E.

EVERY body is feldom in the right; but every body is in the right in faying, the Swifs are good people. Their country is certainly neither the favourite refidence of genius nor of tafte; but you will nowhere fee more fenfible men, nor more ferene foreheads.

A thoufand authors have written on the government, and on the natural beauties of this country; and for this reason I fhall not fay any thing of them.

You are not miftaken, Sir, in your opinion about the beauties of Switzerland;

zerland ; but you are mistaken in your opinion of an English beauty. The features Greek, the complexion English, the throat Italian ; nothing, you say, can be superior to that. I ask your pardon ; her understanding is superior to her beauty ; and the sweetness of her disposition is superior to her understanding. But you ought to have seen Lady Louisa Hervey longer than you did, to know the merits she possesses. The beauties of her person, and the charms of her voice, ought to have enchanted you ; but if you had seen her longer, you would have given only the second place to her accomplishments and to her attractions.

Her natural timidity gives her at first an air of reserve, and hinders her

her from shewing her true value. It is not till after an acquaintance of some time, when she will venture to unfold herself, that you will discover a generosity and delicacy of sentiment, in which you will distinguish her father and mother, and a justness of observation and of reasoning that I have not seen at that age but in her alone.

She delighted a very large company here last night at a concert, by singing that charming air of Aprile,

Pur nel sonno almen talora, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XVIII.

S T R A S B U R G H.

IF it had been my object to have made a large book, I could have made it without much trouble. They have made a larger book than this on the Cathedral of this city.

The idea which interested me the most here, was a comparison of the *present* state of sculpture in France and Italy. I risk nothing in saying that Italy has not produced for fifty years past *so* fine a monument as the Mausoleum of Marshal Saxe *.

* By Pigal.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIX.

B E R L I N.

THE Prussian dominions contained only one object for me ; that object was the king. All my observations, all my researches, tended solely to this point ; and in my second journey I made no new discovery on that subject. I was only confirmed in my former ideas. His majesty continued to esteem the queen, and to be esteemed by her ; to love his brothers, his sisters, humanity, and justice ; to seek for glory by protecting the weak ; to cultivate letters, and to distinguish those who love them ;

them ; to be adored by his subjects, dreaded by the most formidable powers, and to render himself worthy of the admiration of his age and of posterity.

The peace of Teschen alone, in which he shewed himself the disinterested protector of—but I forbear ; the first time I passed through his kingdom, he did not speak to me * ; I had not then even the feeble interest of the self-love of an author flattered to praise this Monarch : the purity of my elogium could not then be suspected. In my second visit His Majesty received me with graciousness, and said to me things too flattering for me to dare to repeat them. For

* See Vol. I. Let. III.

I

these

these reasons I shall speak no more of him; and I shall finish my letter with an answer which I received from a Saxon peasant. “ Well, my good
 “ friend, said I to him, do you not
 “ love the King of Prussia as much
 “ to-day as you hated him in the last
 “ war? I never hated him, said he;
 “ the peasants had no reason to hate
 “ him *. He gave orders to his troops
 “ to

* I said in the first Letter of my other volume, speaking of the King of Prussia, “ With his subjects he is the most just of sovereigns.” See how he speaks in his decree on the affair of the Miller Arnoll, which happened since the printing of that book.

“ This sentence is most highly unjust; it is
 “ absolutely and entirely contrary to the paternal intentions of his Majesty, who would have
 “ strict and speedy justice done to every one
 “ whether noble or ignoble, rich or poor, with-
 “ out

“ to direct all their attacks against
 “ the great, and to do the least harm
 “ possible to the poor.”

“ out distinction of person or of rank. His
 “ Majesty therefore, by degrading the judges,
 “ makes a great example, on occasion of the
 “ unjust sentence passed against the Miller Ar-
 “ noll, in order that all the Colleges of Justice
 “ in his provinces may no more commit like acts
 “ of injustice ; for they ought to know that the
 “ lowest peasant, and even a beggar, are men
 “ as well as His Majesty.”

L E T-

L E T T E R XX.

B E R L I N.

THE Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benikow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

H

The

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field ; and the 17th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country-house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her ; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her ; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did

2

the

the sands of Brandenbourg appear so heavy as to this charming girl ; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Herftadt ; it was in the morning, and “ Never,” said her brother to me, “ did my eyes “ see a woman lovelier than my sister : “ the exercise of the journey had “ added to her bloom, and her eyes “ painted what passed in her heart.” But, O human prospects ! how deceitful are you ! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity ! The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight : she little suspected that it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troop, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe to you the situation of this unfortunate young woman, would be to insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed ; his mother is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. “ O Charlotte,” cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak ; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress ; she lost her reason, and, “ No, I will not survive you,” cried she, quite frantic, and seizing a sword.

sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bed-side. She came; he grasped her arm; and after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob, "Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother," and expires.

P. S. I found this history so affecting, that it appeared to me to merit a place in my collection; and I believe that every feeling reader will thank me for it. I forgot to tell you, that, in the troop which made that fall, there were but two men wounded, and he alone killed. When I passed through Berlin, in July, 1779, the unfortunate lady had not recovered her senses.

L E T T E R XXI,

G E R M A N Y.

BY Jupiter, my good friend, you do not spare me: however, continue to write to me, and to ask me questions: your letters give me pleasure, for they make me think. You ask me, what is the idea that I have formed to myself of the Empress Queen? That she is the mirror of all virtues, and of all good qualities. But perhaps she will see these letters: that thought stops me; I fear that her modesty will be wounded by her panegyric; and I will tell you, at my return,

return, of this great Princess all that I keep now in a respectful silence.

Whether the Emperor and the Prince Royal of Prussia are great men? The question is beyond my reach. The courtiers of Vienna and Berlin will tell you that they are; but princes are like canary-birds: the bird-fellers praise their beauty, affirm that they will sing well, and one cannot tell if the bird-fellers have spoken truth or not, till the canary-birds sing or die. The private man, the cosmopolite, the scholar, the philosopher, the tradesman, and the wit, all judge princes in their own way. History ratifies the judgment when the judges are rotted with the heroes.

You wish to know all that I think of the diplomatic body, courtiers,

H 4

chamber-

chamberlains, maids of honour, Prince Kaunitz, and the art of pleasing. All that I think would make a long letter : I will give you the quintessence of my ideas on these subjects in few words.

A courtier always carries about him two boxes ; one filled with incense, the other with poison : he reads continually in the eyes of his master ; and he opens one or the other of these boxes, according to the sentence which he has read in that book.

A Lady of honour is a female courtier. The state pays her for tiring herself to death, simpering, in the company of a princess, who often is only come into the world because Providence has some impenetrable reasons.

reasons. In proportion to the weakness of the sex, this female courtier carries a box of sweetmeats, and a box of pins, and she gives you sugar-plumbs, or pricks you, according to the look more or less favourable of the person whose *Inseparable* she is, and whose *ennui* she supports for money.

The court sends ambassadors of three sorts; some to negotiate affairs of state, to protect their nation, to inform it of the dangers with which it is threatened. She chuses these men among those who know what a man is, what a society is which forms a nation, and what is the force which that nation may dread. These are philosophers, attentive calculators, geniuses who see through the mask which deceives the *mannikin*, and who
juggle

juggle from the courtier the box which he means to secrete.

The second sort of ambassadors is chosen among the great of a country; they are men of whom the court wants to get rid, or whose vanity it wishes to gratify. These people give good dinners, do not see the secretary behind them who does the business, and think they have performed a fine operation when they have bought from a clerk for a hundred thousand crowns a false or useless piece. These are beings who send a courier extraordinary when they have passed through a door before the ambassador of the king their neighbour; and when the political fire lurks under the ashes, when their nation is really in danger, and when the secretary informs them
of

of it, their first idea is to fend away their equipages.

The third class are residents and envoys, who have by heart the law of nations, the peace of Westphalia, and the Golden Bull. They must have a prodigious quantity of nugatory knowledge. As these men know a great deal in point of quantity, they consider others, who know more in respect of the quality of knowledge, as ignorant. That gives them an air of importance, a manner of expressing themselves, and a kind of heavy and dull activity, which renders them insupportable in company, but very useful to the plough to which they are harnessed. I advise you to converse with the first, to eat with the second, and to fly the third.

If,

If, after having had a conversation with the King of Prussia, the Earl of Bristol, or Monsieur de Buffon, about the monsters of the ocean, volcanoes, and man, one should ask me, how fleas are formed? I should answer, *de minimis non curat Prætor* ; and I give you the same answer to your question about chamberlains. I have talked to you about kings and ambassadors ; but after that to weigh the dismal and Aulic nothingness of a chamberlain *, would be to talk after

* As the King of Prussia was passing through his great hall at Sans-Souci, with one of his generals, " General," says he, " you shall dine here in a few days with three hundred chamberlains." " Sire, I did not think you had so many." " I do not mean those animals who wear gold keys, but of my brave chamberlains who will open for me the gates of Silesia."

an

an account of a curious menagery of the inhabitants of a common courtyard.

As to Prince Kaunitz, it is different. Nature has been prodigal to him. His genius is vast, his judgment sound, and an excellent memory, which has made him retain all that he has seen, read, and heard, has supplied the place of those laborious studies that another man is obliged to make before he can collect, keep, and class a number of things in his head. Besides this, he has always the happiness to be cool; and it may be said that our age has not produced a greater politician than him, nor nature a man more proper for the station that he fills. Every individual has his faults in the same proportion as his good qualities;

qualities ; and chance has determined that those of Prince Kaunitz should have no influence upon the kind of affairs which his great political genius manages with amazing ease. But his coolness, which has been so useful to him in Austria, at the head of a powerful and formed state, of an absolute monarchy, and of a country which has great interests without ever having great revolutions, would have kept him in the greatest mediocrity in a republick, and especially in a country subject to revolutions, where warm fiery spirits, quick as lightning and firm as adamant, have the exclusive privilege of doing great things. If Prince Kaunitz had been bred a watch-maker, he would have made the best watches in the world ; if he had

had been a mariner in the fifteenth century, he would never have discovered America. Great, but not universal, he ought to have been born in Austria, and govern that particular country to attain the sublime as he has done. Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Jean Jaques, would have been great men in all ages from Paris to Peking.

To please is a difficult talent for one who is above the common run of mankind. It is innate in those who do not hurt the self-love of the little, and who serve to set off a superior character. However, this difficult art is to be learned: to let those who have not in reality better parts than ourselves believe they have much better; few resist that bait. To say always, *You are in the right, very true, I think*
as

as you do, you make an excellent thought come into my head; never to utter a sarcasm; never to point out the faults or follies of others, and never to decide on any thing; but to say at most, I should think that: this is in few words all that constitutes this art of pleasing: but it is difficult for a man to observe this regimen, and to keep himself in the hall, when he knows he deserves a place in the parlour.

When a man has genius, or any thing striking in his character, he will please him who has the like, for the same reason that brings together merchants at the Exchange Coffee-House, officers at the Tilt-Yard, and artists in a gallery of pictures. The man whom you mention has no genius, no caprice, no warmth; but he

has precisely the degree of understanding that is necessary not to be rejected as a fool by men of parts, and not to wound the self-love of ordinary men. He is himself an ordinary man, safe in his commerce, and mild in his behaviour; almost always satisfied with the place he is in, and never desiring to be any where else. Can this man displease? Money, a good book, and an embroidered coat, very gallant and perfectly discreet. If it were possible for such men to have genius, and the talent to conceal it, they would attain every thing.

P. S. You have every day a dinner and a supper in the little courts * in Germany.

* The court of Brunswick is one of the most agree-

Germany. I cannot say so much of the great ones. I had only one supper at a *Kamerfest*, during the carnival at the court of Vienna; and only one dinner at Versailles, the day I had the honour of being presented. The King of Prussia gives neither dinners nor suppers.

agreeable. The Reigning Dutchess, sister to the King of Prussia, has, of all the women I ever saw (after Lady Bristol) the most solid and most cultivated understanding.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

SEN LIS.

NO man ever left Paris in good spirits; either he has lost his health or his money; or he has left attachments which cannot easily be replaced in other countries, or interesting acquaintance whom it is impossible to quit without regret. Whatever is the reason of it, one is always melancholy leaving Paris.

On my arrival at Senlis, at my return from Germany, I saw a genteel young man walking up and down before the gate of the inn. I addressed him. You seem, Sir, to come from Paris?

I 2

He

He did come from Paris, and was returning to his own country, to Peterburg. Pray, Sir, did you stay long at Paris? Two years. And what do you say of that country of delights? Of assassinating delights? replied he. Montesquieu says, that to make a Russian feel, you must slay him; and I thought in my own mind, that this one must have been well slayed*. How did you find the men? Fulsome. The women? Dear. The wits? Gluttons. But why, says he, make use of such gentle terms? I have been robbed, betrayed, massacred. This traveller's heart, said I to myself, is full; and knowing that a Russian

* This is a *jeu de mots* in the original; as, *ecorché* signifies both *slayed* and *plundered*.

and

and a German talk better after a meal than before it, I invited him to supper, and he accepted it.

Towards the end of the supper:

Russian. You have been at Paris then ?

Englishman. A year.

R. Did you know any women there ?

E. Yes ; I knew a great many modest women ; and I never was happier than in their company.

R. What, you think the French women amiable ?

E. More amiable and more interesting than the women of any other foreign country I have seen.

R. Sir, you have seen them ill. They are a set of wicked, bawling, peevish wretches ; witty in gewgaws,

I 3 not

not a grain of common sense, and so
perfidious—

(I knew very well that he would grow eloquent after supper ; but what blasphemies !—
Take quickly for the antidote ;

O woman, lovely woman, Nature made you
To temper man ; we had been brutes without
you :

Angels are painted fair to look like you ;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joys, and everlasting love.

(Orway.)

not a grain of common sense, and so
perfidious—

E. They treated you ill ?

R. Treated me ill ! my first mistress made a conquest of me ten days after my arrival at a masquerade. She won me by a single speech ; “ You are charming.” I was then nineteen ; she was pretty ; and this was the

the first time in my life that a pretty woman had said those words to me. When a man says to a modest woman once, "I love you," the devil repeats it to her a hundred times. The devil repeated in my ear a thousand times that I was charming; and on this ground I fell desperately in love. However, I quitted this woman in a short time, because, beside that she was very foolish and very tiresome, I felt the necessity of going out of her hands to go into those of a surgeon.

When I mixed with the great world, I related the success of this amour; and they told me for consolation, that, beside my having been an insipid dupe, I had dishonoured myself by an attachment to a woman who did not belong to any of the

theatres. I determined instantly to repair this fault, and I connected myself immediately with a dancing-girl of the opera. She had the prettiest leg in Paris; a warm Provençal, lively, gay, and cutting capers from morning till night. She had so many calls on me, I mean for louis-d'ors, that she made me often remember the saying of Marshal Villars to Lewis the Fourteenth: she wanted but three things, money, money, money. There was no end to her caprices; and, among others, I began to suspect that she had one for my valet-de-chambre; but she soon cured me of this jealousy; for one evening, going into her room, I found her in the arms of a young French officer. I demanded satisfaction of him on the instant;

instant; and he gave me a thrust here, which put me in the hands of another surgeon for three months.

I returned into the gay world, fully determined to be sage for the future; but they laughed at my sufferings; assured me that I was forming astonishingly; that I should shine amazingly on my return into my own country, even by reciting the disasters that befel me; that there were no roses without thorns.—Ah! why had I not a friend to tell me, that the roses wither, and that the thorns remain—

E.—That the roses only bloom in the spring of life, and that the thorns continue during the whole winter?

R. Being then constantly in the temple of * wantonness, I once more

* At the Green-room of the Opera.

yielded,

yielded, and I took a third mistress. For my misfortune, she sung like an angel. If the other had a taper leg, this one's arms were perfect; and when she threw them open to embrace me, singing,

O toi le seul objet que mon cœur ait au monde,
(O thou sole object of my heart's desire,)

I thought I should expire with pleasure. She was at once a Siren and a Circe; a dying eye, a beautiful skin, an enchanting sweetness, and an air of modesty that would have deceived Ulysses. Her mother had been a dancer, and Miss was born behind the scenes; and from her infancy had learned to dance, to sing, to receive her mama's visitors, and to be present
at

at their suppers. She had every thing in her favour; birth, education, example, precept, experience, and I was in my twentieth year.

As she had been regularly bred, she applied herself seriously to ruin me. The summit of art is to conceal art, and my mistress had attained this last degree of perfection. All her artifices were imperceptible, and it is only by reflecting on them in my melancholy retreat these eight months past, that I have discovered them. She saw that I was distrustful, and she never praised me. Did I look as if I thought I had said something clever? She applauded it only by a scarce-perceivable smile, which gave a brightness to her eye, and made her appear at once beautiful and sincere.

All

All my tastes were consulted and anticipated. It was a continual round of gaiety, agreeableness, and variety; public places, suppers of girls and of wits, concerts, cards — She seemed to think only of me, and this appearance was real.

The mother did not fail to praise daily the merits of her daughter; nor to season her panegyric with the bitterest sarcasms against her sisters of the opera. “ My Sophy,” said she, “ is not like those wretched women “ that you see, who are all — who “ “ “ She is discreet “ and gentle, and, thank God, edu- “ cated in the right way.” I am persuaded that she was discreet, for she

she possessed perfectly the genius of her trade, and thought solely of making her fortune.

E. She cost you then, a great deal of money?

R. This it was that began to embarrass me. I had already got into debt, for I no longer dared to ask money of my father, who had complained heavily of my extravagance, and threatened to send me no more supplies. I mentioned this one day to my mistress; "What signifies that?" replied she, "I have enough for us both;" and saying these words, she went to her desk with a grace that I shall never forget, and took out of it a purse of a hundred Louis, which she put into my hand, giving me at the same time a most delicious kiss.

E. Timeo

E. Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

(I fear a Girl and a Greek when they make presents.)

R. I had forgot Virgil; my mistress had found me other studies; I was affected by her behaviour and her kiss, and these words,

*Travaillons, Travaillons gaiment,
Et l'amour tiendra lieu d'argent *,*

sung with an expression that I cannot describe, appeared to me to contain so delicious a sentiment, and so just reasoning, that I thought no more either of my father or my creditors.

The Provençal ruined me without thinking of any thing but her pleasures. This Parisian had no caprices,

** Let us labour gaily, and Love will supply the place of money.*

and

and had but one marked passion ; that was avarice. I gave her willingly, because she never asked any thing, but let all appear the effect of my liberality. Her mother, indeed, praised generosity a good deal. . . She had even reduced the four cardinal virtues to this single one ; and at Christmas she proved to me that I ought to give her daughter a diamond necklace, for her new-year's gift. This was a serious affair ; the price was thirty thousand livres. Milord ———, she told me, had given one to his mistress, who received three or four other men every day. The German baron that I knew had also commanded one for his ; *a creature without sentiment*, of a deplorable conduct ; but who, however, deserved to be paid by her lover,

lover, because he killed her with *ven-
ue*. At length she shewed me, that the
honour of Russia was concerned in it.
I could not resist this argument, and I
gave her the necklace without paying
for it.

I continued to *labour gaily* accord-
ing to the maxim of my tender fair
one, when my father — but, perhaps,
I tire you —

L. No, sir, you interest me much.

R. I have only a word to add: my
father not chusing any longer to sup-
port my extravagance, ceased to sup-
ply me with money; and when it was
clear that I had no more resources, the
mask fell off, the prostitute remained,
and the enchantress became a fury.
After a most violent scene, of which I
spare you the particulars, she shut the

7

door

door in my face; and I have learned since, that, to get completely rid of me, she advised the jeweller, who furnished the necklace, to have me put in prison; and I am just now come out of *Fort l'Evêque*, where I remained eight months.



K

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIII.

S E N L I S.

IT were to be wished that there was a victim of this sort at all the gates of Paris, to make a lively impression on young travellers, and to inform them of the dangers they are going to encounter : or rather it were to be wished, that senseless fathers did not expose their sons, before the age of reason, to dangers from which they cannot escape but by a miracle.

Il faut au voyageur un but & des talens,

(A traveller should have a view and talents,)

is a good line of the King of Prussia;
good, because it contains a useful and
profound

profound meaning; because it marks the limits between the persons calculated to profit by travelling, and those destined by nature to stay at home. This Russian neither wanted sense nor education; but he had no view in leaving his country, except to *amuse himself*, a term at Paris synonymous to that of *ruining himself*.

Nothing is so useful as travelling to those who know how to profit by it. Nature is seen in all her shades, and in all her extremes. If the mind of the traveller be virtuous, it will be confirmed in the love of virtue, and in the abhorrence of vice; because he will every where see that virtue is esteemed even by the persons who practise it the least. If the traveller has the seeds of one or of several ta-

talents, he will find men of the first
 merit in every line, who will think it
 a pleasure to encourage and unfold
 those seeds, and to communicate know-
 ledge acquired by years of labour to
 a modest and virtuous young man
 who looks for information. He will
 see the mutual needs men have of
 each other; he will find himself in em-
 barrassments where he will want as-
 sistance, and he will learn to feel
 for the sufferings of others, and to
 enjoy the delight that arises from re-
 lieving them. In a word, his under-
 standing will be enriched, his imagi-
 nation fertilised, and, if nature has
 given him a feeling and elevated soul,
 that elevation and that sensibility will
 be equally encreased.

: The

The traveller has, besides, the advantage of making continual comparisons, which strengthen his judgment extremely ; and never losing sight of his country, even in the most distant regions, he will seek ideas which may be useful to his countrymen, with the intention of bringing them home *. If he be an inhabitant of the North, where the rigours of the climate and other causes give a roughness to the outside of a man, who possibly may have a tender heart, he will learn to value the charms of mildness, and to feel how delightful it is to be beloved as well as esteemed.

He will also learn to class mankind ; and to set on each class its proper va-

* I believe I found one which I shall mention on a future day.

lue. After a great deal of experience, comparifons, and reflections, the firft*
 class,

* I expect nothing from any King ; and, if it were for my intereft, I fhould not praife any of them at the expence of truth. Let me then be allowed to fay, for the honour of the age, that there is not one in Europe whose heart is bad ; but there are two who are diftinguifhed from the reft, the King of Sardinia, and the King of Pruffia. I fpeak of what I faw, and of what I know. The day before I was prefented to the King of Sardinia, I went to fee him go to mafs. I faw with furprife five or fix poor people in the gallery through which he was to pafs. I asked why the guards fuffered them to be there : I was answered, that they were waiting for the King. I faw each of them prefent a paper to him, which his Majefty took into his hand. Every day of the year the loweft peafant in his dominions who has fuffered any injuftice, or who labours under any grievance, has leave to prefent his complaint to the King. The next day I had the honour to be prefented to him. His Majefty is extremely affable. He likes to converse

class, he will say to himself, are those who unite great virtues to great talents; the second are those who, without having superior parts, pass their lives in doing good; the last of all are those whom nature has endowed with superior understandings,

converse with foreigners; and he had the goodness to speak to me near an hour. I could not help telling him what pleasure I had felt the day before in his gallery. His answer was sublime; "I only did my duty."

Every Prussian and foreigner may address a letter *To the King's own hand*, and in twenty-four hours he is sure of an answer, if the subject of his letter deserves attention. These are the only two Sovereigns in Europe whom every one may approach directly.

If I were not afraid to appear presumptuous in classing Kings, I would place the King of Prussia in the first class, and the King of Sardinia in the second.

and who only use them 'to the injury' of mankind.

Do you know that young Dutchman? said a French lady to me once. No, Madam, I am not acquainted with him; but I know that he has made the tour of Europe—As well as his trunks, said she. If the travels of these gentlemen were only useless, there would be no great harm; but it is more than probable that every man who goes to exhibit his insignificance in foreign countries, without parts, and without an object, will collect there only vices, follies, and absurdities. How different were the travels of Pythagoras and Homer, of Solon and Lycurgus, of the Czar Peter, and of Montesquieu! Each of these men had talents, and an object
in

in his travels; and no one is ignorant of the advantages they gained by them. But if to the want of these two essential points, the traveller adds the want of conduct, he will bring nothing back to his own country (like my poor Russian *) except shame and

* During his story I often thought of La Fontaine's Pigeon ;

Qui maudissant sa curiosité,
Trainant l'aile & tirant le pied,
Demi-mort & demi-boiteux,
Droit au logis s'en retourna.

You would have thought of these lines of Shakspeare :

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark put from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Merchant of Venice.

despair,

despair, an exhausted fortune, a ruined constitution, and false and ridiculous opinions of all the countries that he has seen.



LET-

L E T T E R XXIV.

P A R I S.

I Have looked for ideas for many years on the subject of taste, but never could find any satisfactory, either in conversation or in books. M. de Voltaire has said in his *Temple du Gout*,

Je vis ce Dieu qu'en vain j'implore,
Ce Dieu charmant que l'on ignore
Quand on cherche à le définir.

I have the greatest respect for the opinion of M. de Voltaire in matters of taste; but with all the deference that I owe him, I believe a man's not
being

being able to define a thing, is but a bad sort of proof that he understands it. I should even be tempted to believe the contrary; and I should consider a person's shewing that he was able to analyze a subject, as a strong presumption that he understood that subject. I conceive beforehand that all men think they have taste, and that all those who do not know how to define it will be of M. de Voltaire's opinion.

The term *taste* is a metaphor taken from the *palate*. A good partridge is served up to three men : one finds it good ; another finds it bad ; the third neither finds it good nor bad. The third is a man without taste ; the second man's taste is bad ; the first

first man has a good taste. Bring a German grenadier to see the Belvedere Apollo, he will neither find it beautiful nor ugly; this is a man without taste: shew this statue to a Dutch Burgo-master, he will find it too light, he would wish it a little heavier; this is a man of a perfidious taste: shew it afterwards to ten Italians, ten Frenchmen, and ten Englishmen, they will all find it beautiful, and yet each of them may have a different taste.

Jean Jaqués Rousseau says, “ *Le gout est le microscope du jugement ;*” and in another place he says, “ *il sert de lunettes à la raison.*” In these two expressions the idea is the same, and the idea is false; and the reason why Rousseau mistook is the same that

that has misled all the men who have written upon taste. They thought it a simple idea, and it is a complex one. The cause of their error is this: taste, in its literal sense, is a simple idea; in its metaphorical sense, it is a compounded idea. I explain myself by an example. The piece of pheasant that I eat is addressed to a single sense, to my palate, which decides upon it. To what is the *qu'il mourût* addressed? To my judgment. Is it fine? I answer, that it is. Have I then taste? No; I have only judgment: but after having passed through my judgment, it has still another address: where? to my feeling. Do I *feel* then the beauty of this *qu'il mourût*? Yes; then I have taste; and this taste is a compound

pound idea, and compounded of these two parts, judgment and feeling.

The degrees of judgment are extremely varied in men ; the degrees of feeling are not less so ; the combinations of these two parts are therefore infinitely diversified ; and hence arises that astonishing variety of tastes that we meet in the world. Of those thirty men of good taste who found the Apollo beautiful, I said, perhaps each of them had a different taste ; for even supposing the judgments of all equal, it is more than probable that each of them felt differently the beauties of this work ; and in that case each of them had a different taste. The three greatest critics that ever existed were Boileau, Horace, and Longinus. Shew a sub-

lime beauty to these critics; the taste of the three was good; they would all agree, but their taste was not the same; the faculty of judging was equal in all, but their feelings were different, and they would not feel this beauty equally; Boileau would feel it as a hundred; Horace as a hundred; Longinus as a thousand.

I am sure that these ideas upon taste are new: I am not sure that they are just. If they are not, I have no taste; if they are, I have; for I drew them from myself*.

* The French do more justice to other nations, than other nations do them. There is, however, a point in which they seem to me to be unjust to the English. They deny that they have taste. This is perhaps the only general idea in this book that does not admit of exceptions. The French allow the English talents and genius; but I never knew a single person, either

either among the men of letters, or the men of the world, that allowed them taste. A letter therefore, written by an Englishman on this subject, is not likely to be too well received. The presumption against me personally is still stronger, because M. de Voltaire told me that Shakspeare had spoiled my taste. I do not know if that is true; but I have some difficulty to believe that he has entirely spoiled it; for I feel that I still love the authors of the Iliad and of the Misanthrope! But if these Letters, and the book I wrote in Italian, prove that I have no taste, I entreat the reader not to judge a nation by an individual, and to be persuaded that there are ten thousand men in England who have more taste than I.

L

From

*From Letter XXV. to Letter XXXVI.
can only be understood at Paris.*

L E T T E R. XXXVI.

P A R I S.

To the Right Honourable the
Countess of BRISTOL.

M A D A M, -

WHAT is Paris? There never
was a man who could answer
that question. Had I the hundred
mouths, the hundred tongues, and
the iron voice, mentioned by your
favourite poets, Homer and Virgil, I
could not reckon the half of its vir-
tues,

tues, of its vices, or of its absurdities. What is Paris? It is an assemblage of contradictions, a tissue of horrors and delights, both rendered more striking by their proximity. It is a country full of giddiness and profoundness, of great simplicity and extravagant pretensions. The contrasts would be endless. Here a veteran grown grey in the service, and bearing on his bosom the proof of his bravery, walking in a public garden in woollen stockings, by the side of an opera-girl sparkling with diamonds: there a dancing-master in a brilliant chariot, laughing at an author whom he has just splashed: here an old Messalina purchasing the caresses of some young male-prostitute: and there a foreign prince exulting in

the chains of a theatrical princess. What is Paris? It is a vast, ugly, and shapeless city, full of wonders *; it is the Athens of Europe; it is the epitome of the universe. It is, Madam, in a word, a country where there is little genius, much wit, much taste, and an infinite number of pretty women, but where there is not a shape so perfect as your Ladyship's.

Perhaps, at another time, I shall write on this extraordinary country.

* Among the master-pieces of art, which belong particularly to this country, the most striking are, the front of the Louvre, the garden of the Tuilleries, some pictures of Poussin, le Sueur, and le Brun; the Monument of Cardinal Richelieu, and the *Petits-maitres*. I class this last Being among the productions of art; for nature had no more share in his formation, than in that of a statue; she only made the block.

I quit

I quit it now, to speak of a subject
 which touches me more nearly—
 Come then, my adored Shakspeare,
 dear object of my idolatry, I am go-
 ing to speak of thee. Let a ray of
 thy genius enlighten my understand-
 ing; let a spark of thy fire infuse
 itself in my soul; lend me thy clear-
 ness, thy nobleness, thy force, that,
 if it be possible, the elevation of my
 style may equal the dignity of my
 subject.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

P A R I S.

WOE to the profane hand that dares to tear a leaf of the laurels which adorn the immortal heads of Corneille and of Racine. Woe to the ignoble soul, and to the contracted understanding, which imagines that it is impossible to extol one sublime work, without depressing another; and which thinks, that, to render justice to the front of the Louvre, it is necessary to calumniate the Cupola of St. Peter's.

Let

Let Corneille and Racine wear with pride the crowns which they have so justly deserved: let Sophocles and Euripides admit them as equals, and let the voice of all nations confirm their decree. Let Moliere be preferred to Italy and to Greece; let Plautus and Aristophanes refuse the decision; but let impartial Europe impose silence on them, and force them, though reluctant, to acknowledge a superior. Let Shakspeare also have his place; and let it be that, and that alone, which would be given him by the unanimous suffrages of Homer and of Milton, of Virgil and of Pope, of Boileau, of Horace, and of Longinus.

Previous to my citing him before such an august tribunal, before a tri-

bunal which must weigh with precision his beauties and his defects, which must examine with a rigorous attention the sources of these defects and of these beauties, and from the decision of which there is no appeal; let me be permitted to make some observations necessary to put the mind of my reader in a state of impartiality, from which I have too many reasons to fear it is at present removed.

Some celebrated writers have attacked this author with a rancour, and treated his defenders with a harshness, that are, in general, inconsistent with the character of their nation. The first poet of England has been styled a *Barbarian*; they have dared to call his defenders *vulgar*. The seduction of style has been joined to the

the severity of sarcasm; and the charms of brilliancy and grace have gained credit to criticisms as false as they are abusive. I reply not to abuse: I have neither style, nor brilliancy, nor grace; but I understand my subject; I have truth and reason on my side; and I fear not the united forces of M. de Voltaire and M. de la Harpe.

It is plain that it is impossible for me to follow a plan; I do not attack; I only defend; and I am forced to follow the irregularities of the assailants. Let us begin then with M. de Voltaire.

LE T-

LETTER XXXVIII.

PARIS.

A Lively attack is perhaps the best defence. I shall not however attack M. de Voltaire. I should depart from any character, and I should judge myself unworthy to defend Shakspeare, if I were capable of injustice even against his most cruel detractor. I admire, with Europe, the universality of M. de Voltaire's talents ; I love him for his spirit of toleration ; I honour him for having protected the family of Calas. If his enemies refuse him genius, because
they

they say he has invented nothing ; they cannot refuse him a quality more extraordinary, perhaps, than genius itself, that of being able to assume the talent of the most celebrated writers. No character was beyond the reach of this Alcibiades. He knew how to melt with Racine, and intoxicate himself with Ariosto ; he was able to imitate the elevation of Corneille, and the majesty of Virgil. He made depredations, it is true, upon every country, but he made them like a monarch ; and what would have been pillage in an ordinary man, became conquest in M. de Voltaire.

I would not have any of my expressions upon this illustrious author considered as applicable to his writings in general, but solely to what he

has

has said on the article of Shakspeare. I well know that I do not enter these lists with equal arms; it is not because the reputation of my antagonist is great and universal, and that mine is only just begun; for though this reason has already decided against me all superficial readers, men capable of judging will listen to the voice of reason alone. It is not then, I say, because his works are in every library, and his bust in every house; and that my name is scarce known in France*; it is because he wrote to please, and that I write to convince; it is because I think of the grandeur of my idea, and he thought only of the elegance of his phrase; it is because I am the

slave

* And not at all in England.

slave of exact truth; and that he never thought of truth at all : provided he gave with address a ridiculous turn to a passage, provided he made a false exposition in pretty language, and that he finished his period with a brilliant sarcasm, or a refined piece of flattery, the shackles of truth were for him of silk ; he broke them with levity ; and trusting to the ignorance of his reader, he abused his confidence, and treated him with the most sovereign contempt. I confess, I want this boldness ; I will respect my reader, and I will respect truth.

Never was a writer more difficult to be confuted than M. de Voltaire. I read him ; I read him again ; I look for ideas, and I find only words. At each instant the shadow of a thought presents

presents itself to my view ; I go to seize it, and I find only air. Like quicksilver this Critic slips through my fingers ; and when I imagine I hold him fast, the Proteus escapes with a burst of laughter.

Ape, Mountebank, and Barbarian, are his favourite terms ; and I conceive that there is a class of readers to whom these words will carry conviction ; to whom even they will appear sublime. For my part, I cannot answer them more than I can to *this Shakspeare, so savage, so low, so wild, and so absurd.* Abstracting the coarseness of this *barbarous* abuse, what answer can be given to general accusations ? What answer would be given me, if I said, *this Corneille, so cold,*

cold, so flat, and so disgusting? And what answer should I deserve?

But M. de Voltaire has translated passages to support his criticisms : answer them.



LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

P A R I S.

WHEN I was at Pekin, I talked to the Chinese about the literature of Europe ; and for particular reasons I undertook to prove to them that Moliere and Racine, whom the French boasted of as great writers, were but very ordinary men. To support this doctrine, I translated into Chinese some passages from these poets. I took my extracts from *Pourceaugnac* and *the Cheats of Scapin*, and I took care to chuse the lowest passages I could find. As to Racine, I took some of his speeches which were

were the most admired in France, and I translated them into Chinese prose. The enchanting harmony of his lines, the seducing charms of his style, which had justly gained him so many enthusiasts in his country; were no longer to be found; and the Chinese began to think that the French had exaggerated the merit of their poets. I was determined to have a complete victory, and, not troubling myself about truth, I took one step more; when Racine had found the noblest term in his language, I looked out for the lowest Chinese term to translate it by: did Racine say *senseless, courser, wild bear*? I translated these words by *dunce, garron, pig*.

A Frenchman, a man of taste, and a passionate lover of the literature of

M his

his country, provoked by the absurdity of my ideas, or rather inflamed with indignation at my want of faith, exclaimed, that my exposition of Moliere was unjust to the last degree; and as to Racine, he offered to quote his lines—Alas! the poor Frenchman talked to the deaf; the Chinese did not understand the French language.

This nation, whose heart is good at bottom, is full of witty malice: it relishes infinitely the sarcasm of pleasantry; it is fond of talking, and is not fond of reading; and joins to the rage of talking upon every thing a passion more violent of shining upon every thing. I wrote prettily in their language; I lent them wit on a subject which they did not understand; I lavished caresses on their authors;

I over-

I overwhelmed the French with irony and satire ; my victory was easy ; and in the moment that I write, the Chinese believe Moliere an author of the vulgar, and are astonished that a nation, so polished as the French, can admire a poet so barbarous as Racine.

My laurels are still fresh ; the Chinese find my follies charming, and they have learned my epigrams by heart. One reflection alone alarms me ; I know that truth prevails in the end. I fear that the duration of my triumph will be short. The day *may* come, that some Frenchman will travel through China, and that he will be able to make himself understood in the language of the country. If that day should ever arrive, my laurels will fade, my pleasantries will

M 2

appear

appear cold, the laughers will be put out of countenance, Moliere and Racine will be restored to their place; and I shall remain an object of ridicule and contempt*.

The people of Paris said, that this letter was a *perfflage fonglant*, and a *chef-d'œuvre de médisanceté*, that M. de Voltaire had well deserved.

LET-

LETTER XL.

PARIS.

HOW is it possible to paint to you the inconsistencies of this nation, which caresses us at Paris, while she threatens us at Plymouth; which is in raptures with Pope, and furious against Shakspeare? "Yes, "Sir, they say to me at every instant, "Pope is certainly your first poet; "he is always reasonable and full "of good sense." Allowing these gentlemen to teach us how to value wit, that the French should pretend to teach the English the value they

ought to set on good sense and reason—the most determined Stoic cannot bear it.

Let not France imagine that England does not know how to estimate her men of genius; she knows how to estimate them as well as to reward them; and she does not admire Pope less for considering him as inferior to Shakspeare. She is not ignorant that the translator of the Iliad, the author of the Rape of the Lock, and of Eloisa to Abelard, is a great poet; she knows that the author of the Essay on Man is a profound Philosopher; and that the man who wrote the Essay on Criticism, and the Preface to the Iliad, is an enlightened critic. The soundest sense, the sweetest harmony, the happiest choice of language,

language, are found in all his writings : his judgment was solid, his ear delicate, his imagination brilliant, and his taste sure. The English are not ignorant of the variety of his merits; and they well know that he possessed a perfection which Shakspeare wanted, that of being always excellent. Pope is translated into several languages, and it is universally known that he has as many admirers as readers.

It was then this Pope, who enjoying the highest reputation, and seven hundred pounds a year, transported by his love of poetry, and by his enthusiasm for Shakspeare, undertook the laborious task of making an edition of his works; which, not having been printed for some years after his

M 4

death,

death, were over-run with errors and with faults. Pope wrote a preface to this edition, in which there is this remarkable phrase: "The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration: indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and 'tis not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that he speaks through him." Pope was the clearest writer in England; and these words are scarce intelligible. The reason is plain; he spoke of what he felt, and he felt more than language could express.

In this edition of the works of Shakspeare, Pope marked with inverted commas the passages which appeared to him the most beautiful.

M. de Voltaire has translated four of

these

these passages; and has added to his translation the following remarks.

“ You will observe that this is one
 “ of the beautiful passages that Pope
 “ has marked with inverted commas,
 “ to make the force of it be felt.”

“ Pope again tells his reader to
 “ admire these lines.”

“ This again is a speech which
 “ the commas of Pope command us
 “ to admire.”

“ This again is one of the ad-
 “ mirable passages enriched by the
 “ commas of Pope.”

All these passages are ridiculous and flat. I ask the sensible reader if he believes that Pope understood English poetry; I ask him if he believes that this great writer would have incurred the loss of his reputation,
 with

with his own age and with posterity, by commending as beautiful what was detestable; and then I desire that he will decide for himself, whether the flatness and absurdities belong to the poetry of Shakspeare, to the commas of Pope, or to the translation of M. de Voltaire.

L E T.

L E T T E R L X I .

P A R I S .

“ **I**T is true that England has Eu-
 “ rope against her in this single
 “ point, (it is M. de Voltaire who
 “ speaks). “ and the proof of it is, that
 “ there has never been any of the
 “ pieces of Shakspeare acted upon a
 “ foreign theatre.” Would that be
 a proof even if it were true? But
 that is *so* true, that I saw Hamlet acted
 at Vienna, and Lear at Berlin; and
 I rest the merits of my defence of
 Shakspeare upon the truth of these
 two facts.

“ There

“ There is no glory *among us*,
 “ (continues he) but for what is well
 “ thought and well expressed.” Can
 any man of sense believe that there is
 in England more than in France?
 But judge of that yourself, and of
 the consistency of M. de Voltaire by
 what follows immediately after.
 “ When neighbouring nations have
 “ nearly the same Manners, the same
 “ principles, and have cultivated for
 “ some time the same arts, it seems
 “ they ought to have the same taste.
 “ So the *Andromache* and the *Phæ-
 “ dra* of Racine, happily translated
 “ into English by good authors, had
 “ great success at London. I saw
 “ them acted there formerly; they
 “ were applauded as at Paris. We
 “ have also some of our modern tra-
 “ gedies

“gedies very well received by this
 “judicious and enlightened nation.”
 Judicious and enlightened while she
 applauds Merope ; ignorant and bar-
 barous in her admiration of Shak-
 speare.

“Happily (he goes on) it is not
 “then true that Shakspeare has oc-
 “casioned the exclusion of every
 “other taste but his own.” M. de
 Voltaire answers himself, so well, that
 it is useless for me to answer him.
 He will not be suspected in this letter
 of being partial to the English ; he
 has just made the eloge of their taste,
 and of their impartiality ; and he was
 in the right to make it ; the English
 have no exclusive taste ; they always
 do justice to merit ; they admire Racine,
 they admire Shakspeare, they admire
 M. de Voltaire himself.

LETTER XLII.

P A R I S.

“ **I** Confess, says this illustrious Critic, that we should not condemn an author for having seized the taste of his nation, but we may pity him for having pleased only her. Apelles and Phidias forced the different states of Greece, and the whole Roman Empire, to admire them.” What an imposing period! *forced, and the whole Roman Empire*—But how false always are his representations! How little solidity was there in his judgment! or

how little did he suppose in his reader! Was he ignorant that the men who composed *the different States of Greece*, and *the whole Roman Empire*, had eyes, and that nothing else was wanting to feel the merit of Phidias and Apelles? They spoke a language understood by all the world.

“ We see to-day the Transylvanian, the Hungarian, and the Courlander, agree with the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the German, and the Italian, in admiring the beauties of Horace and Virgil.” Why does he force me to make continual repetitions? Why are his exposures always false? Horace and Virgil are certainly admired every where, because every where their language is understood: but in what country have

have they a single admirer who does not understand Latin? In Italy and France, I shall be answered, the *Æneid* is admired in the language of *Caro*; the *Georgics* in the translation of the *Abbé Delille*. In wishing to refute me, they support my assertions. The poet is translated in both languages by poets; and fine verses are rendered by fine verses with all the advantages of harmony and of style. Has the same justice been done to *Shakspeare*? Even if *M. de Voltaire* had not laboured to disfigure him, can prose ever translate poetry?

If ever a man was a poet, *Horace* was one in his *Odes*; and has *Horace* an admirer in the universe who only knows him by a prose translation?

tion? Or* is it possible that he should?

But a single example will decide this question. Homer has been translated in England in verse, and in France in prose. He has an infinite number of admirers in England who do not understand Greek. The translation of Madam Dacier is more literal than that of Pope. I do not hazard myself when I advance, that Homer neither has, nor can have, in all France, the *felt* admiration of a single reader who knows him only in the prose of Dacier.

* Thus Lord Roscommon :

Sublime and clear harmonious Horace flows
With verse that cannot be express'd in prose :
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the work, but not the workman's skill :
I, who have serv'd him more than twenty years,
Scarce know my master as he there appears.

Essay on Translated Verse.

L E T T E R XLIII.

P A R I S.

I Shall close my observations on M. de Voltaire, by an objection that he makes at the end of his *Letter to the French Academy*. This it is :
 “ All our men of letters ask, how it
 “ is possible that in England the
 “ first men of the kingdom, the
 “ members of the Royal Society, so
 “ many sensible and learned men,
 “ can bear so many irregularities,
 “ &c. &c.” This objection, in fact, appears to have some weight ; and I confess, I should not be less embarrassed

passed than M. de Voltaire to answer it. It would be a want of good faith not to quote the solution he gives of this difficulty. "Am I mistaken," says he, "in remarking, that every
 "where, but principally in free countries, the common people govern
 "men of superior understanding?" Yes, M. de Voltaire, you are very much mistaken; and, instead of saying the common people *every where* govern men of superior understanding, you would have had much more reason to say, *no where*: and I appeal to every man of superior understanding.

"But principally in free countries"
 ... The shades of liberty are too much diversified, in different countries for me to be able to speak to this

proposition in the extent which the words seem to require. The proposition then is ill presented: he had nothing to do with free countries, but only with *one* free country; and if he had said principally in England, as he ought to have said, if he meant to convince, this should have been my answer:

Every Englishman is born free, and glories in it with reason. The first lesson he has received from his father, and the first lesson which he transmits to his son, is, that independence is the inheritance of an Englishman. He is proud of being *himself*; of thinking, feeling, and acting *for* himself. Hence that variety of character which is in England, and which is not to be found in any

other country in the world. That a momentary madness might blind a nation, even of this stamp, upon any subject whatever, would not astonish me : but that a wise and free people should obstinately persevere in a blindness of two hundred years ; that a people learned in the ancient languages, and who travel continually to improve themselves abroad ; that a nation which has for so many years revered the names of Locke and of Moliere, of Addison and of Racine, of Boileau and of Pope ; that such a nation, I say, should persist stupidly to admire *a Mountebank and an Ape*—the idea is a prodigy, and men capable of thinking will believe it no longer.

Homer had his Zoilus, and Voltaire his Freron; Bavius was the enemy of Virgil, and Pradon of Racine; the Academy of the Crusca criticised Tasso; and Cardinal Richlieu was jealous of Corneille: *Shakspeare alone was above envy*; Elizabeth patronised him; Southampton * loved him; all the poets and critics, his contemporaries and successors, have vied with each other in praising him; the admira-

* This was that noble Lord Southampton, the friend of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who, having heard that Shakspeare wanted a thousand guineas to make a purchase, sent them to him. "This trait of generosity," says the author of the *Dictionnaire portatif des hommes célèbres*, "would pass for a fable in every other country but in England, where solid rewards are bestowed on the merit which other nations only esteem."

tion

tion of him increases daily in his own country, and is going to increase through Europe; Jonson *, Milton, and Dryden, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson †, do not speak of him but with transport; a whole nation adores him; and, if I had not here undertaken his defence, I should have added, that he is admired by each individual of that nation, in proportion to the gifts which that individual has received from nature; in proportion to the knowledge which he has acquired by reading good authors, and conversing with enlightened men; in proportion to the

* Ben Jonson.

† The illustrious Dr. Johnson; the best critic, the most extensive scholar, and the greatest moral philosopher now living.

number of countries that he has seen, and of languages that he possesses; in proportion to the study that he has made of the human heart, and of the beauties of nature; in proportion, in a word, to the depth of his understanding, to the variety of his knowledge, and to the justness and purity of his taste*.

* Let it not be thought that persons of taste in England are ignorant of the defects of Shakespeare; they know them, and are sorry for them; but they know also, that there never was a poet who had such *sublime* beauties, so great a *variety* of beauties, or so great a *number* of beauties.

LETTER XLIV.

P A R I S.

THE article of M. de Voltaire has carried me farther than I expected in the beginning. I have only one thing to reproach myself with on his account ; which is, that I have treated him with too much mildness ; and I ask pardon for it of the shade of Shakspeare *. I threw a veil over his well-known envy of all the living and of all the dead :

* O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with thy butchers.

Julius Cæsar.

I did

I did not even insinuate the suspicion of his being afraid that some of the finest passages of the Death of Cæsar, of Zaire, and of Semiramis, might be found in Julius Cæsar, in Hamlet, and in Othello; and that these are precisely the pieces which he has most abused. The satirizing a great writer, is a disagreeable, and, to me, an odious task. But why did M. de Voltaire satirize Shakspeare? Why did he stab me a thousand times in my travels, by the repetition of his criticisms, which I heard in every corner of Europe? The passion of revenge is unknown to my soul; but the glory of our letters injured, and the love of justice, forced me to draw the sword; and if I have but slightly wounded my antagonist, it is because

because he is no longer able to defend himself.

M. de la Harpe is not in the same situation; I shall therefore treat him as he deserves. He is severe; and as he judges with rigour, with rigour he shall be judged. Let it not be imagined that I am his personal enemy, or that I take any part in the infamous cabals that disgrace literature, and those who cultivate it. I acknowledge him to be a worthy member of the first literary Society * of the Continent of Europe; and if I write again, I shall † praise the au-

* The French Academy.

† This gentleman, in his Essay on Shakspeare, has paid some very just and elegant compliments to Mrs. Montague; for which I shall thank him when I answer his book.

thor

thor of the Earl of Warwick with the same impartiality with which I shall condemn the calumniator of Shakspeare*.

I say,

* I have said, considering all the arts collectively, I should give the Greeks the first place, the Italians the second, the French the third, and the English the fourth. In *one* point, in literature, it would be unjust not to allow England the superiority over all nations that do, or ever did, exist. And I require the universe to agree in this opinion, until it can name to me three men, chosen from all ages and all countries, equal to Newton, Shakspeare, and the author of Clarissa.

If England carries her pretensions farther, she is in the wrong : and some one ought to say to her, “ Glory in having given birth to a philosopher, against whom no one dares to raise
“ their voice ; to a poet, acknowledged by all
“ who understand him to be the greatest genius that ever lived ; and to a writer who has
“ produced the finest, the greatest, and the
“ most

I say, if I write again, I have pleasure in writing, and I shall have a great deal in answering the criticisms of M. de la Harpe, and in making a faithful representation of the merit, and of the defects, of Shakspeare. But this depends on the success of this book. Though I am not young, I am a young author, and I have not yet confidence in my talents. The first efforts that I made to please the public were received with indulgence: if this

“ most perfect work that ever came from the
 “ head of man.” As to the rest,

Parcere subiectis, et debellare superbos,

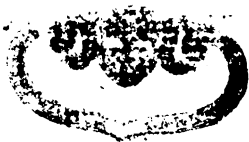
Hæ tibi erunt artes.

*(To spare the vanquish'd, and subdue the proud,
 These be thy arts.)*

merits

merits the same reception, I shall continue to write ; but as I write only for fame, if I cease to interest, I throw away my pen.

F I N I S.



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